# TOMORROW

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## MENTAL RADIO

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rom Canadian Police Files:

## FOUR MURDERS SOLVED BY "THOUGHT READING"

**LSO IN THIS ISSUE:** I SAW THE FUTURE IN MY DREAMS, by omola Nijinsky; THE SECRET OF GENIUS, by H. A. Bruce; IS THERE FE AFTER DEATH?, Twelve Authoritative Views; THREE WOMEN ONE BODY, by Nandor Fodor; A CENTURY OF MAORI MAGIC, John Barwell and Lyndon Rose; DEATH RAPS IN THE WOODD AMILY, By Edmond P. Gibson; Other Articles and Book Reviews.

RTERLY REVIEW OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

EDITORIAL:

# TWO LEVELS OF EXPANSION

*Le Piol, St. Paul de Vence, A.M., France*

I write these lines at the conclusion of the second International Research Coordination Meeting on Parapsychological studies, which took place here at the European center of the Parapsychology Foundation, from August 26 to 31. Scientists and researchers from the United States, Western and Southern Europe attended the meeting. They reviewed past activities and made plans for future research. It became increasingly clear that the importance of psychical research, or parapsychology, requires expansion on two levels; the international meeting illustrated and emphasized these needs.

The first level of expansion is, in a sense, geographic. To attain maximum results, true international cooperation is essential. And while there is much exchange of scholarly information across national borders, linguistic and cultural differences remain formidable.

* * *

PSYCHIC research had its formal beginning with the establishment of the Society for Psychical Research in London. European researchers, notably in France, Germany and Italy, partly followed the pattern created by the London Society, partly sought to establish their own lines of inquiry. All these inquiries were, technically speaking, of a qualitative nature; that is, they were concerned with psychic phenomena outside the laboratory. Then, in the 1930's, quantitative experiments at the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University added the concepts of extrasensory perception and psycho-kinesis. Once again, a geographic shift had taken place.

Now we seem to be in another transition period. Quantitative research appears to have concluded its first phase successfully. But scholarly curiosity about the character and motive force of such spontaneous phenomena as telepathic dreams—to cite just one category—has not diminished nor has the age-old desire to inquire into the possibility of man's survival of his bodily death.

**Continued on Back Cover**

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# TELEPATHY

## IN SEARCH OF A LOST FACULTY

by

## Eileen J. Garrett

CONTENT: A Subjective Approach; A Critical and Historical Survey; The Function of Symbolism in Telepathy; A Technique for Experimental Telepathy; Telepathy in Dreams and under Hypnosis; The Therapeutics of Telepathy; Telepathic Travel in Relation to Time and Space; Telepathy: An Approach to Other Psychic Phenomena; What Telepathy is Not; Telepathy is a Creative Function; Bibliography

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# CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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**H. ADDINGTON BRUCE,** a frequent contributor to TOMORROW, has been interested in psychology and psychical research for many years; he served as Director of Research for the Boston Society for Psychical Research. Among his books are: **The Riddle of Personality** (1908) and **Adventures in the Psychical** (1914).

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**JULIAN FRANKLYN,** author and lecturer, resides in London. His field of special interest is heraldry and genealogy. His last article in TOMORROW was "Starlight to Electronics" in t Winter, 1956 issue. Among his books **A Survey of the Occult.**

**EDMOND P. GIBSON** has contribute a number of articles to TOMORRO the latest being in the Winter, 19 issue. He was president of the Michig Archeological Society in 1954. H interest in psychical research h resulted in other articles in magazin in this field. He makes his home in Gra Rapids, Michigan.

**EILEEN J. GARRETT** is the Edit Publisher of TOMORROW, and Pre dent of the Parapsychology Foundatio Inc. Among her works are **Adventu in the Supernormal** (1949), and **Life the Healer,** to be published later t year. She is the editor of **Beyond t Five Senses,** an anthology of artic from TOMORROW.

**GILBERT MURRAY** is well known his translations of Greek plays a literary classics. He was Regius Pr fessor of Greek at Oxford Univers from 1908 to 1936. His death on M 20, 1957 deprived the world of one its foremost scholars of classic languag as well as of an interested investiga of physic phenomena. He served president of the Society for Psychi Research, London, in 1915-16 a again in 1952-53.

**ROMULA NIJINSKY** is the widow the late world-famed dancer, Vas Nijinsky. Her books **Nijinsky** (19 and **The Last Years of Nijinsky** (19 have retold in absorbing fashion t life of her husband. Her present arti casts light on another of her intere illuminated by her personal experien

**VAL E. PAUL** is the pen-name of housewife in Minnesota. Her arti relates a true life experience.

**LYNDON ROSE** and her husband R ald Rose have been conducting pa

*(Continued on page 4)*

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(*Continued from page 2*)

psychological research among primitive peoples for a number of years. Mr. Rose's book **Living Magic** (1956) is a report of their work among the Australian aborigines. Mrs. Rose's present article is written as a result of a recent field trip among the Maori people of North Island, New Zealand.

**UPTON SINCLAIR** is renowned for his novels, his books of non-fiction and his more than fifty years of crusading for improved conditions in public health, social progress and clean government. Of more than seventy-five titles, his best known books are: **The Jungle** (1906), **The Metropolis** (1908), **The Money Changers** (1908) and **Dragon's Teeth** (1942, which received the Pulitzer Prize of 1943). **Mental Radio** (1930) reveals his interest in psychic matters, which until now has not received the same attention as his other activities. He now makes his home in Monrovia, California.

**KURT SINGER** is the author of twenty-seven books published in eighteen countries, including **The World's Greatest Woman Spies** (1950), **The Danny Kaye Saga** (1957), **The Charles Laughton Story** (1954). His article in this issue is an excerpt from his forthcoming book **My Most Famous Case**. He is chief U. S. correspondent for P.A. Reuter Features, Ltd. of London.

**WILLIAM R. BIRGE,** whose article "How Can We Study Mediumship?" appeared in TOMORROW (Vol. 5 No. 1) and who was Associate Professor at Renssalaer Polytechnic Institute, died at Troy, N. Y. on August 4, 1957, at the age of 37.

**ROBERT H. LOWIE,** Professor Emeritus of Anthropology, University of California, who contributed "Supernormal Experiences of American Indians" (Vol. 4, No. 3), died on September 21 in Berkeley at the age of 74.

**OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY** noted Irish-American writer and surgeon, whose essay "Yeats and the Ghost of Renvyle Castle" was published in Vol. 1, No. 2, died in New York, September 22; he was 79 years old.

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## COMING — — IN TOMORROW'S WINTER ISSUE

# TEMPEST FROM A TEA CUP

## *A Fortune Teller Foresaw Two Deaths*

By Walter J. Macy, Superintendent

Bureau of Identification, Police Department

San Diego, California

# New Books of the Season

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*P. D. Ouspensky*

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# TOMORROW

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VOL. 5, NO. 5 AUTUMN, 1957

BRAIN WAVES DON'T LIE by Kurt Singer 9
I SAW THE FUTURE IN MY DREAMS by Romula Nijinsky 23
DEATH RAPS IN THE WOODD FAMILY by Edmond P. Gibson 29
DOUBLE INDEMNITY by Val E. Paul 39
THE SECRET OF GENIUS by H. Addington Bruce 43
'WHAT WE CALL GENIUS . . . " by Gilbert Murray 52
INTUITION? by Julian Franklyn 53
S THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH? Twelve Authoritative Views 55
CHARLES RICHET—HIS LIFE AND WORK by Robert Amadou 67
A CENTURY OF MAORI MAGIC 84
SHAMANISM AMONG THE MAORI by John S. Barwell 85
MODERN MAORI MAGIC by Lyndon Rose 91
THE MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE A Book Review by Eileen J. Garrett 97
THREE WOMEN IN ONE BODY A Book Review by Nandor Fodor 98
BEYOND THE FIVE SENSES A Book Review by Eric J. Dingwall 102
VEHICLE OF THE SOUL A Book Review by C. J. Ducasse 103
MENTAL RADIO (Book Condensation) by Upton Sinclair 105
INDEX TO VOLUME 5 124
LETTER TO THE EDITOR 127

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# PROCEEDINGS OF
# FOUR CONFERENCES OF
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Abstracts of papers presented at the International Philosophic Symposium, Saint Paul de Vence, France (April 20 to 26, 1954), the International Study Group on Unorthodox Healing, Saint Paul de Vence (April 27 to May 1, 1954), the Conference on Spontaneous Phenomena, Cambridge, England (July 11 to 17, 1955), and the Symposium on Psychology and Parapsychology, Royaumont, France (April 30 to May 4, 1956).

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*A baffled police force, with four murders and no clues, sat up in amazement when the little doctor began reading thoughts*

# BRAIN WAVES DON'T LIE

*by*
*Police Chief Michael Gier (Retired)*
*Edmonton, Alberta*

*As told to*
*Kurt Singer*

I was wallowing in the depths of frustration and despair. As police chief, I stood at the top of our organization, making a perfect target for hot criticism. And at that phase of the Booher case, I was hearing such scathing adjectives as "inefficient," "sluggish," and "incompetent" from the public, and "zany," "crazy," and "nuts" from my own colleagues.

I admit, in retrospect, that my methods were unorthodox, to say the least. I can understand the white and silent rage with which Detective Jim Leslie accepted my assignment to meet the train at the Edmonton railway station and bring Dr. Maximilian Langsner of Vienna back to my office.

Leslie was a successful detective with numerous kudos to his account, much praise for his careful and painstaking methods, and a clear record of past successes. The fact remained, however, that he had not found one clue, one motive or one bit of evidence that would

help unravel the mass murder at the Booher farm.

Dr. Langsner was either a marvel or a hoax. I will leave it to the reader to judge. I will simply tell the tale as it happened.

The Viennese doctor had first come to my attention as a result of his unaccountable activities in Vancouver, British Columbia. He had walked into police headquarters there and announced without so much as a hesitating blink of his sharp black eyes that he could solve a jewel robbery that was baffling the authorities. He said he would lead the police to the jewels.

The Vancouver police, as skeptical as Detective Leslie was now, nevertheless granted Langsner's request to be placed in the cell with the robbery suspect.

Dr. Langsner stood stiffly in one corner of the small room. Never did he ask a question or make an overture to the suspected thief. After thirty minutes of silence, the doctor left the cell and announced to the incredulous group of police officers, "The stolen jewels are hidden behind a picture in a room with yellow walls."

The Vancouver police muttered among themselves, for they had searched and re-searched the room of the suspect's girl friend—which had, incidentally, yellow walls.

"Musta read it in the papers," was their opinion. But they took a third look, and found the missing jewels secreted under the wallpaper behind the picture.

This was the first of three cases that the strange little mop-headed man had solved in Canada.

## "I Call It Brain Waves"

THE cases seem to have been solved by a kind of telepathy, an inner receptivity that seemed to give Dr. Langsner the weird and unbelievable ability to read another's thoughts. When I finally asked him how he did it, he shrugged and said, "I do not know. Some have the power, others do not. I call it brain waves."

Detective Leslie was less impressed than he was angry when he saw the quaint stooped figure of the Viennese doctor totter from the train, carrying an umbrella and a small piece of scarred luggage, and looking around with the eyes of a frightened mouse. "So this is the great man, the mental marvel!" thought Leslie. "Well, let us see for ourselves."

Taking a firm grip on his emotions, Leslie strode forward and greeted the visitor with a great smile and warm handshake.

"Welcome to Edmonton. I'm happy to greet you and we are all looking forward to your help."

The shriveled little doctor doffed his Homburg, whereupon his flowing hair popped up like that on a Japanese doll. He stepped back a

pace, folded his hands over the handle of his umbrella and was silent for one split second before he smiled and said, "I doubt what you have just said, but I hope you will like me better by the time I leave, and I trust I will be able to help you."

Leslie told me later that he felt mentally naked, and hated me even more for foisting this introduction upon him.

On their way to the office where I was to meet Dr. Langsner, Leslie outlined our problem. Then, when the doctor indicated his awareness of our multiple murders, the detective began to question him.

"You seem to know about the crime," he admitted. "Please tell me about yourself."

## Studying the Eskimos

DR. Langsner looked straight ahead. Even when the police car swerved around corners, his gaze was fixed as if he were in a trance. In an accent that sounded more English than Austrian, he replied:

"I was born in Vienna in 1893. Vienna was very lovely and very gay. The university there was full of vibrant thinkers and it was my good fortune to study under the great Freud. I was there during World War I and watched the horrors of the 'shell-shocked' men. I became extremely interested in the mind and its functioning.

"Research took me to Sweden, but the pattern of study there was similar to that in Austria. So I went to India, where I found so much inexplicable intuitive control of the mind that I stayed until I had earned a very satisfactory degree as Doctor of Philosophy. That was back in 1926.

"Since then I have found that my knowledge is helpful in solving crimes. I don't use it very much because people are skeptical... just as you are. It is also not my desire to be a bloodhound; so I go only when I am invited or when I have a strong pull toward a case, as I did in Vancouver. But I guess you know about that."

Detective Leslie nodded a miserable yes. "What are you doing in our country?"

Dr. Langsner put his Homburg back on his head, leaving a lock of frantic hair dangling between his eyes. Still he looked straight ahead, like a gyroscope that requires the entire world to revolve on its focus.

"My research here is a fascinating one," he said. "The minds of the Eskimos have been less touched, less indoctrinated, than those of any other group of people. The tribes of the Pacific Basin, the Micronesian and the Polynesian, have been corrupted by the white man. The natives of South America and Africa are difficult to reach for an old man such as I. So I have

come here to study intuitive abilities of the Eskimo people. They sense weather changes; they recognize oncoming dangers; they use their minds with the same acuity I saw among the East Indians. I want to live with them and communicate with them through thought-channels. That is why I am here."

The wind was slack in Detective Leslie's sails. When the two men arrived at my office, Detective Leslie was walking respectfully behind the small figure of the doctor. It was a great sight to behold: Detective Leslie appearing like a shadow thrown up by a candle.

### Four Murders

AFTER cursory amenities, I gathered my sheaf of reports and set about to review the case in detail although I had the strange feeling that my conversation was extraneous.

"On July ninth of this year," I began, "the police station at Manville, some eighty miles from here, was notified by Dr. Heaslip that 'half the people at the Booher Ranch' had been murdered.

"Although it was 9:30, the summer night in the Arctic region was bright and glowing. Constable Olson drove the distance over the dusty bumpy roads from Maxwell to the Booher ranch house where Dr. Heaslip was waiting with Henry Booher, his younger son, Vernon, and a neighbor, Charles Stevenson.

"Henry Booher, a middle-aged man, led the way. It was as if a communion of silence had overcome them all, including Dr. Heaslip, the good country doctor who was accustomed to bringing life into the world and seeing it depart in a natural way. The four had been made speechless by the sights in the rooms ahead.

"In the dining room was Mrs. Booher with her head on the table as if asleep, but a second look showed the ugly neat holes of three bullets in her neck.

"'You said 'half the family!'" said Constable Olson.

"Without a word, Mr. Booher led the way to the kitchen and pointed to another body—that of his older son, Fred. The corpse lay across the floor face up, having been thrown backwards by the impact of a bullet through the mouth.

"Mr. Booher was obviously suffering from shock. He motioned Olson on and took him to the bunkhouse of the hired hand. He pointed once again—this time to the dead body of Gabriel Cromby, Austrian immigrant, who bore the unmistakable wounds of two shots in the head and one in the chest.

CONSTABLE Olson was flabbergasted, and I am sure any of us would be, too. He was accustomed to such ordinary crimes as petty pilfering, stolen cattle and drunken brawls. Maxwell is a law-abiding community, by and large.

"But he did a good piece of work. He gathered everyone on the front porch for questioning.

" 'Who discovered the bodies?'

" 'I did,' Vernon said.

" 'What time was that?'

" 'About eight o'clock. I had been working in the fields for a couple of hours when I heard a sound like rifle shots. They seemed to come from the house. I came in to find out... and found mother!' His voice faded into a whisper... 'Then I saw Fred. When I ran to the bunkhouse for help I found Gabriel dead, too. It was awful... awful.'

" 'Then what did you do?'

" 'We have no phone so I ran to a neighbor and called Dr. Heaslip for help.'

" 'Is there any money missing?' asked the constable.

" 'No,' said Mr. Booher, 'nothing is missing. My wife's diamond ring was not even touched.'

"Suddenly, Vernon came to life. 'Where is Rosyk? It's strange we haven't seen him. Could he have done this thing?'

" 'Who is Rosyk?' asked the constable.

" 'Our other cowhand.'

IMMEDIATELY the anxious party set out for the barn behind which stood the small original bunkhouse of the Booher farm. Rosyk was there all right... with two bullet holes in his head.

" 'And now there are four,' summarized Constable Olson. 'Two members of the family and two workers.' And turning to Henry Booher, he continued his questioning. 'Where were you at the time of all these shots? Seems to me you must have heard them.'

"Mr. Booher turned from the doorway where he had been staring out across his vast acreage. 'No,' he said, 'I wish to God I had heard them, but I was working up on the north part of the east section of our land. The sounds didn't carry that far.'

" 'And what about you, Mr. Stevenson? How did you happen to be here?'

" 'Henry stopped by and asked me to come over to see a new farm equipment catalogue. We have been thinking of purchasing a harvester together.'

"Mr. Booher nodded his agreement.

" 'Mr. Booher, do you have any idea who might be responsible for these murders?'

" 'No,' replied the farmer, 'we have no enemies that I know of. Rose, my wife, was beloved in our community for her good deeds. She has never failed to be there if

there was illness or death.' His voice broke and he wiped his eyes with the roughened back of his hand.

"Constable Olson made the usual request that nothing be touched and instructed Dr. Heaslip to take Vernon and Mr. Booher to the Stevenson home. He then called our Edmonton office, and I sent Detective Leslie and Inspector Malcolm Longacre out to the farm. Want to take the story from there, Jim?"

Detective Leslie looked briefly uncomfortable and cast a nervous glance at the doctor, who was sitting stiffly in his chair with his hands still clasped over the gold knob of his umbrella.

## No Weapon Found

INSPECTOR Longacre and I went through the routine steps," he began. "We took fingerprints all over the house and found later that they belonged to the Booher family and their farmhands. The murder weapon was a .303 rifle, but we could not find it. There was a .22 rifle and an old shotgun in the house, but neither had been fired for some time. One thing that interested us was the absence of rifle shells. The murderer or murderers had evidently carefully picked them up, with the exception of one that we found in a dishpan of water. That one shell, however, was of no value to us, since the soapy water had obliterated any fingerprint that might have been on it.

"The neighbors formed a posse and spread out over the country side in an attempt to find the man or men, or at least the rifle, but to this date we are just as far from the solution of the crimes as we were when Constable Olson first called us."

I felt sorry for Leslie. He was obviously upset at having to make such an admission of defeat.

Dr. Langsner smiled sympathetically and leaned over his cane. "That is all right," he said. "Perhaps I can help in some small measure." Leslie smiled back. It looked to me as if a friendship between the two men was beginning.

That afternoon Dr. Langsner sat in on the inquest. We placed him at the press table and gave him the title of foreign correspondent. But trying to divert attention from the little Viennese with his wild white hair was a little like trying to hide Marilyn Monroe on Waikiki beach. All eyes turned in his direction, but he slumped down in his chair and focused his eyes on the witness chair. He reminded me of a photographer adjusting his lens and getting his angle.

Later one of the pressmen confided that he had stolen a glimpse at Dr. Langsner's notes as testimony was given, and found, to his surprise, that the writing was

ot in English or German, but in n unfamiliar language that looked Oriental, perhaps Sanskrit.

## he Coroner's Inquest

BY and large, testimony consisted of the facts I have already outlined, with a few new its of information. One was the oroner's statement that Mrs. ooher was the first victim as she at at the table cleaning strawerries. Fred was second and was robably killed when he startled ie killer by entering the kitchen fter he had heard the shots.

It was some thirty minutes later iat Rosyk was killed in the bunkouse, and a full two hours more efore Cromby met his death.

Various neighbors and passersy corroborated the time factor. he first three volleys had been eard around 6 P.M., the second fter 6:30, and the third around ght. Since this is hunting country, o one had given the sounds a econd thought.

A surprise witness, Councilman obert Scott, introduced a new ement when he claimed he had iven down the farm road around 30 and had stopped to talk with ernon Booher. During their conrsation, Rosyk had interrupted em by asking Vernon what chores ere still to be done. Vernon inructed him to go to the barn and ed the pigs.

When Vernon was put on the stand, he was sharply questioned as to why he had not heard the shots. "As I have thought about that evening," he said, "it does seem to me that I heard shots earlier than eight o'clock, but paid no attention. I thought possibly they were a tractor backfiring, or someone taking shots at a killer fox that's been in our area. Stevenson, for instance, has sworn to get that animal." His testimony was concise and convincing.

## The Missing Rifle

WHEN Mr. Stevenson was put on the stand, he seemed visibly nervous. When the question came, "Do you own a gun?" Stevenson fidgeted in his chair.

"Yes," he said, "but I don't have it now. And that's something that has bothered me, and I think I ought to tell you about it. My gun was a .303, just like the one that killed all those people. It was in my closet, but it isn't there now. Someone must have stolen it."

This statement caused a murmur in the courtroom, and the newspapermen wrote frantically. Dr. Langsner sat with his eyes focused through narrow slits.

"Do you have any idea when the gun was stolen?" was the next question.

"Yes," responded Mr. Stevenson. "The rifle was taken last Sunday

while I was in church. It was there when I put on my meeting clothes and gone when I came home and took them off again."

"Why didn't you report the theft?"

"You know how it is in our country. Neighbors just come over and borrow things. We never lock our houses or bolt the barn doors. We don't think of things like city people do. If I needed a gun, I wouldn't think twice about borrowing Booher's, for instance."

Mr. Booher and Vernon nodded in assent. On cross examination, they both testified they were at church on the Sunday in question and knew nothing of the missing rifle.

At the end of the inquest, there was a gloomy meeting in my office. It appeared to Detective Leslie, Inspector Longacre and me that the questioning had brought out little new evidence.

"Seems to me," I said, "that three people could be guilty... Henry Booher, Vernon Booher, or Mr. Stevenson. No one of these appears to have any motive; so I am inclined to look for a madman, a psycho-neurotic, bent on murder. I feel that our next move should be to search the countryside again for the rifle. There's been no rain, and fingerprints might still be visible. If we find the gun, we can check the files of criminals and people with mental records—and perhaps track down the killer. You note I said 'perhaps.'"

Turning to Dr. Langsner, half-jokingly posed the question: "And who, in your mind, sir, is guilty?"

## The Chief Suspect

DR. Langsner shook himself as if in a sort of waking sleep. With precise diction and clear voice, he sounded like an oracle:

"The rifle is unimportant. And there are not three suspects, but only one. The man who murdered all four persons is Vernon Booher."

Detective Leslie leaned forward. I tried to maintain my calm, but I confess I was a trifle exited.

"How can you be so sure?" I queried.

"And what proof do you have?" asked the legally minded Inspector Longacre.

Dr. Langsner looked at us helplessly. "Of course, I have no proof. I am sure, but I cannot tell you how I am sure. As I have told your distinguished police officials before, my conclusions are the results of electrical changes that take place in the brain. Some people, in fact most people, are not capable of this, but I am able to catch the brain waves. I was reading the thoughts of those who were on the stand today. Also yours, Detective Leslie," and he smiled a warm, friendly smile.

Jim Leslie looked embarrassed. "Now wait a minute," interrupted Inspector Longacre. "Do you mean to sit there and tell us that you could read the minds of the witnesses while they were on the stand?"

"I do not know if I was 'reading their minds,' but I know what they were thinking about.

"When a man commits a violent and terrible crime, he overrides his instinct for decency and, at the same time, he is caught by the drive for survival. The criminal goes over the details time after time; he plans his excuses and develops his alibi. This is the reason for confessions. The persistence of thought drives him to vocalize his mal-doings.

"The facts I learned from Vernon today are perhaps sketchy, but I can assure you, he is worried that you will come across a clue. . . "

"And that clue would be the rifle," I said triumphantly, still bent on finding the murder weapon. I was painfully aware that Dr. Langsner's suspicions, arrived at by telepathic means, would not hold up in any court, much less the punctilious Canadian ones.

"Why don't you tell us where to find the rifle?" I urged.

Dr. Langsner gave a little sigh. "Yes," he said, "I know where it is. While Mr. Stevenson was telling of its removal from his home, Vernon was, of course, thinking very intently about the weapon. I could see where he put it."

Dr. Langsner closed his eyes. "It is in a clump of prairie grass some two hundred yards back of the house. It is to the west because I can see the sun in that direction."

## A Hunt for the Weapon

INSPECTOR Longacre gasped and then, I feel sure, assured himself that the doctor had previously gained information as to the geographical site of the Booher home.

"If you take me to the farm, I think I can find it for you," continued Dr. Langsner. "But let us go tomorrow. I am very tired now."

Detective Leslie was on his feet the next moment and hustled his charge out of the room with the care and alacrity of a mother hen.

Noon the next day found the four of us together again on the Booher farm. It was clearly a large landholding. The house was a comfortable two-story wood building. The large veranda was dotted with rocking chairs, and I could envision the Boohers as they entertained the neighbors on warm summer evenings. The equipment was modern, the barn newly painted, and the various farm buildings clustered under huge spreading linden trees.

I glanced at Dr. Langsner and inwardly chuckled at the sight.

The mysterious little doctor was still carrying his umbrella in spite of the heat-filled blue sky. He was again wearing his black suit, and while his bangs of white hair were secured under his black hat, an unruly fringe curled coyly on the nape of his neck. Certainly the Booher farm had never before been graced by such a figure!

But if Dr. Langsner was uncomfortable because of the heat or aware that he was not dressed for the occasion, he gave no outward sign.

Instead he wandered aimlessly toward the back of the house. In my youth I remember seeing men with water witches, the twisted branches of willow which were held over the ground and which, they declared, pointed toward the best place to dig a well. Dr. Langsner, without the wand in hand, was behaving in somewhat the same manner.

We stood on the sidelines and watched.

After some twenty minutes of trancelike crisscrossing of steps, he returned to us, motioned to Leslie to follow, and took off like a greyhound after a rabbit. It was a sight to behold—the tall Leslie almost stepping on the heels of the little man in the Homburg.

The professor stopped suddenly between a linden tree on the left and a bunkhouse on the right. Leslie almost ran him down. The doctor's eyes were closed and he put his hand like a visor over them.

"Ja, ja! Ach Gott," he exclaimed, "I have it now. If you will walk straight ahead about ten large steps. . ."

Leslie began pacing off. On the ninth step he stumbled and almost fell. As he regained his balance, he fumbled and picked up a rifle with the satisfied and triumphant statement, "Here it is!"

"Oh, no," breathed Inspector Longacre, and it was hard to tell whether he was impressed or astonished. Likely it was both.

## Telepathic Cross-Examination

DETECTIVE Leslie carefully wrapped the rifle and we headed back to Edmonton's crime laboratory where the gun would be checked for fingerprints.

"You will not find any prints," warned Dr. Langsner. "Vernon wiped them off. He kept thinking how glad he was that he had taken that precaution."

At this point, then, none of us was surprised when the gun was found free of fingerprints.

Sufficiently impressed with the validity of Dr. Langsner's predictions, we did not want to take chances. I booked Vernon, not on suspicion of murder but as a material witness, and had him placed in one of the cells in the Edmonton jail "for his own protection."

"Let me tell you what we should do next," suggested Dr. Langsner.

We were more than ready to hear his opinion. Assuming Vernon was guilty, we had not one whit of proof, and no jury in the world would take "brain waves" as evidence. We were remembering the professor's demonstration on the Booher farm as well as his past record in the solution of crimes.

Following the doctor's suggestions, we placed a chair for him in front of Vernon's cell and issued orders that there was to be no unnecessary noise and no interruptions.

Dr. Langsner seated himself and and leaned forward, staring at Vernon through the bars. Vernon's reactions vacillated from an attempt to be conversational to angry profanity until, at last, he sat on his cot with his back toward the doctor and maintained a stolid, defiant silence. And Dr. Langsner just sat and stared.

## "Find the Woman He Fears"

THE entire episode required some sixty minutes. At the end of that time, Dr. Langsner smiled at Vernon's back and said a gay "Goodbye." We all went into the office.

"Vernon is definitely guilty. He killed his mother because he hated her, for some reason that I cannot quite get. He has no regret for shooting her, but he is sorry he killed his brother. When he went into the dining room to kill his mother, she spoke to him without turning around. It startled him, for he expected her to look at him. He fired, and then from fury he fired twice again.

"Fred heard the shots and came into the kitchen. Vernon knew he had to be killed.

"When he ran out to hide the gun, he saw Rosyk and Cromby in the fields. He was trying to get rid of the gun, but when he feared Rosyk had seen him, he killed him, too.

"Two hours later he decided Cromby must also go. The weight of his crimes was heavy on his shoulders, and, although he really liked Cromby, he felt he should be safe and eliminate all possible witnesses."

"Dr. Langsner!" I interjected. "At this point, I have no doubt that the things you are saying are true. But how can we prove it?"

"Find the woman he fears," was his quick reply.

Woman? There had been no woman in this case.

"I do not know her name. But Vernon stole the gun on Sunday from Mr. Stevenson. He sneaked out of church, took it and returned before the sermon was over. The woman who saw him leave was wearing a poke-bonnet. She has small, pixie-dark eyes and a heavy lantern-jaw. She sat in the pew

next to the last and to the left of the center aisle. She glanced around and saw him leave and watched to see if he would return."

"Find that woman," I said to Leslie, who was on his feet and out the door before I had finished.

By noon the following day Leslie was back with the woman, Erma Higgins. She *was* a pixie-eyed, lantern-jawed female, the sort of spinster who knows everything that is going on at every church service, including the mild flirtations between the young men and women. Yes, she had seen Vernon leave and yes, she had seen him return.

### Set-up for Confession

BY putting our heads together, we set up a scene for Vernon that would, I modestly say, challenge a London theatrical. I placed Erma Higgins in the center of the room, facing the door, with Dr. Langsner near her and also facing the door. I remained at my desk in the hope that my position would give an awesome authority to the meeting. Detective Leslie and Inspector Longacre took posts on either side of the door, and Vernon's chair was placed so as to face the professor and Miss Higgins.

Even the lines were rehearsed. When Vernon was shown in and seated, Miss Higgins said, "Vernon, I saw you leave the church the day Charlie's rifle was stolen."

Vernon looked at her and then stared at Dr. Langsner. The doctor stared him down.

"I know you did," he admitted miserably. "I know you did."

For a minute that seemed like an hour, the only sound in the room came from an old-fashioned wall clock with a thin brass pendulum. Then Vernon turned to me in desperation and fairly pleaded, "Let me confess. I killed them. Let me confess to you."

He broke into great sobs, sobs that seemed to come from somewhere in the region of his spinal column.

His confession need not be told here, for Dr. Langsner was correct in every detail. The only new thing we learned was the motive for the first murder, which ignited the following chain of killings.

Rose Booher, though deeply loved in the community, was, at the same time, a dominant person who held selfishly and tightly to her family of men. Vernon, the younger of the boys, had been her particular attachment.

### Frustrated Romance

WHEN Vernon, young and romantic and emotional, had threatened to elope with an attractive blond daughter of an itinerant farm worker, Mrs. Booher had been stern in her "No," while Henry had laughed off the crisis as a teenage whim that would

apidly die. In her passionate effort o keep her son by her side, Rose ooher had had the poor judgment o apply some unattractive ad-ectives to the girl and to order her o leave the farm one Sunday after-oon when Vernon had brought er to visit.

Vernon's resentment kindled, urned and became the explosion hat took four lives.

On April 26, 1929, Vernon ooher walked his last mile to the caffold.

Months before, however, Detec-ve Leslie and I took Dr. Langsner o the train leaving Edmonton. Our words of thanks were inade-uate to express our appreciation. The small check we put in his ocket, against his wishes, was rivial in comparison to the job e had done for us.

As he stepped on board, his arting words to us were, "Gentle-hen, no man can escape from his own thoughts. . . .And now, off to the Eskimos!"

Some time went by before Leslie placed a small news clipping on my desk. His face showed the mournful expression of one who has lost a hero. The clipping read, in part:

"Maximilian Langsner, Ph. D., University of Calcutta, was found dead today in a small hut on the outskirts of Fairbanks, Alaska. Dr. Langsner was known for his theory of 'brainwaves' and was doing research on the subject at the time of his death.

"To his credit he had solved mysteries for the Shah of Persia, the King of Egypt and the British Government in Asia. His unusual capabilities had also led him to aid various police departments in the solution of difficult cases."

When I looked up from reading the article, I found that Detective Leslie had already left the room.

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*wedding in a baroque church, a meeting on the shore, and an ssassination in a dressing room were foreseen in vivid color*

# SAW THE FUTURE N MY DREAMS

*Romula Nijinsky*

S a child, I used to have very vivid dreams. Many of em were prophetic or telepathic eams, foretelling events which er actually happened. Some were eams of ominous warning, and ers predicted happy events. One eresting aspect of these dreams, t I did not begin to notice un- later years, was the fact that netimes the dreams were in color d sometimes in black and white. calling some of the strikingly phetic dreams I had had, I gan to wonder whether there s any significance in the fact t some dreams are in color. To satisfy my curiosity, I asked nds, acquaintances, and even ngers how they dreamed. This developed into an intensive study of the problem, and for years I investigated and gathered statistics on how people dream. These preliminary studies led me to two general conclusions: (1) Most people dream ordinarily in black and white; (2) On rare occasions the same person might dream in color. In comparing these facts with my own experiences, I wondered whether or not there is a deeper significance in a dream in color than in one in black and white.

When I began to have dreams as a child, it was considered a serious problem in our family. My mother hastily took me to one of the foremost neurologists of my

native Hungary, Professor Dr. Ranschburg. "The child is full of imagination, highly strung," was the diagnosis. I was given a bromide and forbidden to read before going to bed at night. I was not allowed to go to the theatre too often, and a lot of fresh air, long walks in the country, skating and swimming were prescribed for me. But in spite of everything that was done, I continued to dream.

## A Dream of Assassination

ONE of these dreams, which was in color, proved to be premonitory of a great tragedy in my life. I dreamed that my mother, who was Hungary's greatest actress of the time, was dressing, and combing her long, fair hair. Suddenly her dressing gown was pierced through by a bullet, the shot fired by a small stout woman. My mother, in this dream, fell forward into my arms. I felt the weight of her body, and it seemed as though she were dead and alive at the same time. I awoke, and ran frightened to my mother's bedroom. Trembling, I told her and my stepfather the strange dream. It was five o'clock in the morning. They quieted me, and my mother took me into her bed, where I fell asleep.

About eight o'clock that morning, my mother went to her dressing room, to dress to go to a rehearsal at the National Theatre. My stepfather remained in t bedroom, reading the morning p per. Suddenly, we heard a screa With my stepfather, I ran in the dressing room. My mother h fallen across her dressing tab with her arms outstretched, h long fair hair cascading over h The dressing gown was pierc through and a stout, small wom stood there with a pistol in h hands. The next moment s turned the pistol and shot hers

The murderer was my mothe dresser at the theatre. A few da previously she had been dischar by the administrator of the thea for being an alcoholic. As found out later, she thought mother had requested her dism sal, and the assassination was form of revenge.

## Is the World of the Mind Uncolore

THE prophetic aspects of dream are remarkable enou considered alone. But the p that color plays in the dream sumed more importance to me I thought about it in later yea I asked for an explanation fr many physicians and psychiatr over a period of years, as I p sued this problem. The most e nent physicians and psychiatr were baffled and could not g me a satisfactory answer. Howev some months ago, I came acr Aldous Huxley's book *Heaven Hell* (New York, 1955) in wh

discusses the same subject. Mr. xley says:

There is a marked difference ween these visionary experiences l ordinary dreams. Most dreams without color or else are only tially or feebly colored. On the er hand the visions met with ler the influence of mescalin or nosis are always intensely and, might say, preternaturally bril- it in color. Professor Calvin ll, who has collected records of ny thousands of dreams, tells us t 'about two-thirds of all dreams in black and white. Only one am in three is colored or has ie color in it. A few people am entirely in color; a few er experience color in their ams; the majority sometimes am in color, but more often not. We have come to the clusion,' writes Dr. Hall, 'that r in dreams yields no informa- about the personality of the amer.'

I agree with this conclusion. or in dreams and visions tells no more about the personality he beholder than does color in external world. A garden in is perceived as brightly col- l. The perception tells us some- g about sunshine, flowers and terflies, but little or nothing ut our own selves. In the same , the fact that we see brilliant rs in our visions and some of dreams tells us something about fauna of the mind's antipodes, but nothing whatever about the personality that inhabits what I have called the Other World of the mind."

I have pondered the conclusions of Aldous Huxley and Professor Hall, but my own experiences have led me to a different viewpoint. The colored dreams I have experienced have had remarkable qualities of reality and prediction of future events.

## The Young Man in Red

WHEN I was seventeen, I had three dreams, on three successive nights which made a great impression on me—and subsequently proved to contain premonitions of some of the most important events in my life.

The first night I dreamed I was backstage in the Opera House at Budapest. I walked through many passages and went up to the third floor rehearsal rooms and the studio for the ballet dancers. As I wandered along, hesitating as to which room I should enter, the door of the ballet practice room was suddenly thrown open. A lithe, slender young man appeared. He was clad in a strange costume which seemed to me like pink and deep red petals of roses. The figure looked like the Greek statue of Mercury. Suddenly, the dancer rose in the air, made a sign to follow him, and vanished.

The next night my dream was the following: I was in a small boat, on the English Channel. The boat landed at a place that resembled Dover, with its white chalk cliffs. The scene was typically English—red brick houses covered with deep green ivy. The fields were bright green. A group of three men met me there, dressed in cut-aways. One of them was a large, stout man with an enormous head. He had a commanding manner, and wore an overcoat with a large fur collar turned up about the face. Another was tall and thin, very distinguished looking, with graying hair. This one smiled at me. The third was the same lithe, slender young man I had seen in my dream the night before clad in rose petals. Now he stood motionless, stretching his arms toward me, his expression very tender and solemn.

## A Wedding in a Strange Country

THE third night I dreamed that I was in a strange country which I had never seen before. I stood in a baroque-style church, filled with people. The candles on the altar were lighted, the clergy in very ornate vestments stood waiting. The young man of my two previous dreams was standing at the altar, smiling at me. I was dressed in white, carrying a bouquet of lilies of the valley, walking toward the altar.

A year later, the Russian Bal gave performances in Budape The instant I saw the features Nijinsky, I recognized him as t young man who had appeared my dreams. Six months later followed the Russian Ballet England and there joined the co pany. The tall, thin man of r second dream was very much li Baron Gunsbourg, the sponsor the Russian Ballet. The third ma the stout, commanding one, w the image of Sergei Pavlovit Diaghilev, the manager of t Russian Ballet. In the followi autumn, I was married to Nij sky in Buenos Aires, in a baroqu style church, wearing a white dre just as I had seen it in my drea of prophecy.

I am aware that others ha had similar premonitory drea The things that made the strong impression on me were the ext ordinary clarity of detail and t great part that color played, bo in the dreams and in the eve that occurred later. Could t clarity of detail, afterwards membered so well, and the stro life-like color of my dreams be indication that a signal was s from some deeper part of mind than the place of origi tion of ordinary dreams? I ha pondered this problem for ma years without being able to rea a definite conclusion, based on personal experiences alone.

DURING the long years of my husband's mental illness, I as placed in contact with the emi- nt psychiatrists of Europe. I be- me interested in psychiatry and idied this subject myself. There- e, in pursuing the subject of lor in dreams, I decided recently submit the problem to Dr. C. stav Jung, the world-famous chiatrist, whom I had the priv- ge to know personally since 1919. his letter to me he very kindly swered my questions, and gave rather full explanation of his sition on the subject. Needless say, receiving this letter was a ssuring experience for me. I ll quote it in a translation:

Zurich, May 24, 1956

ar Madame Nijinsky:

Many thanks for your letter of 15th of this month. It has in- ested me to hear of your mani- d activities.

Regarding your question about ors or colorlessness of dreams, s depends on the momentary ation btween the conscious and subconscious. If there exists condition in which an approach the subconscious is required, or e versa, the former will receive pecific emphasis which can be iced for instance in the colora- n of its pictures (dreams, vi- ns, etc.) or in other impression- e qualities (beauty, deep signifi- ce, intensity).

If, on the other hand, the conscious is more or less uninterested in or afraid of the subconscious, no explicit necessity exists that the conscious produce a contact with the subconscious and so the dreams will be rather colorless.

If Huxley says that a symbol is without color, I consider this an error. In the highly symbolic language of the Alchemists 'yellowish, reddish, whitishness, the happy green, etc.' play an important role. In quite another sphere, viz. the Christian Liturgy, you can gain much information about the symbology of colors. You have only to regard the importance of various chasubles.

That in the mescalin experiment colors are frequently experienced so vividly has its explanation in the fact that the conscious, in a state of diminution through the drug, is unable to offer any opposition to the subconscious.

With friendly greetings,
Prof. Dr. Gustav Jung

I personally accept Professor Jung's statement as true, since it coincides with my own experiences. Other scientists and psychiatrists may feel differently about it. It may be that more research can be done on this subject. If so, I will follow it with a great deal of interest. It may be found that color in dreams has a deeper meaning than generally recognized.

*Can We Bridge the Known and the Unknown?*

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*For almost two hundred and fifty years an English family has been warned at the time of passing of the eldest male member*

# DEATH RAPS IN THE WOODD FAMILY

*Edmond P. Gibson*

"IT was the creaking of a shutter being blown by the wind... a mouse running over a loose floorboard... termites... a broken tree-branch against the roof." These are some of the countless natural explanations which people offer when a strange noise or rapping disturbs the peace of their home. Often, these explanations prove to be correct, but sometimes when the rappings recur at specific intervals, coinciding with dramatic events in the lives of a family—no natural cause can be found. The possibility of spontaneous paranormal phenomena may then be suggested. The records of psychic research are filled with accounts of "unexplainable rappings" which tend to occur or recur in a short period at specific times. Many of these rappings have been ascribed to a single "discarnate" entity or intelligence seeking communication with the living.

Occasionally a case appears in which signals, or seemingly paranormal rappings, are spread out over such a span of places and times that a simple explanation is insufficient.

These might be covered by the term "field phenomena," since they do not seem to be limited to a short period of time or a particular location. Dr. Gardner Murphy of the American Society for Psychical Research has been interested in studying cases of such

a type—cases whose causation it may seem most plausible to ascribe to a group of intelligences, rather than to a single source. Dr. Murphy has called such presumed group activity "field activity." These rare phenomena seem to imply the joint activity of several minds, usually discarnate, and an attempt to explain them as the work of a single mind does not appear to be plausible.

I am aware of a number of cases which might fall under this category, but one of the most fascinating covers three centuries and a wide range of distances in England. As it is remarkably well documented, considering the many years covered by the events, it seems most worthy of being re-examined.

It concerns the knockings heard by various members of the Woodd family upon the death of a relative. In later years the knockings took the more specialized form of being heard only on the death of the eldest male member of the family. On these occasions, the knocks would be heard by members of the family who were often some distance away from the dying man—acting as messages of the time of passing of the head of the family.

## A Look into History

FREDERIC W. H. Myers, the great pioneer of psychic research, in a monograph "The Subliminal Consciousness" in th *Proceedings* of the Society fo Psychical Research, Vol. X (1895), pages 538 and following traced this history of knocking phe nomena, premonitory of death, i the Woodd family of Oxfordshire Yorkshire, and London from be fore 1662 to 1895. Here the phe nomena recurred in a sort of "field related to various members an groups of the Woodd family fo well over two hundred years.

From Dr. Robert Plot's *Natur History of Oxfordshire*, (1677), page 204 and 205, Mr. Myers extracte the following three items:

(1) "I must add also a Relatio ...of the family of one Captai Wood, late of Bampton, Oxford shire, now of Brise Norton, cap tain in the late Wars for the King Some whereof before their deat have had warning given them b a certain knocking, either at th door without or on a table shelves within; the number *stroaks* and distance between then and the place where, for the mo part respecting the circumstanc of the persons to dye, or the deaths themselves, as will be easi collected from the following rel tion. The first knocking that w heard, or at least observed, w about a year after the Restoratio of the King (1661), in the afte noon, or a little before night, at upon the door it being then give as it was apprehended by M

Elenor Wood, mother to Captain Basil Wood, who only heard it, none being about the house but herself; at which she was very much disturbed, thinking it boded some ill to *her* or *hers*, and within fourteen nights thereafter, she had news of the death of her son-in-law, Mr. George Smith, who died in London.

(2) "About three years after that, there were three great knocks given very audibly to all that were then in the house, viz., to the aforesaid Mrs. Elenor Wood, Mr. Basil Wood, and his wife, Mrs. Hester, and some servants: which knocks were so remarkable that one of the maids came from the well, which was about twenty yards from the place, to see what was the matter; and Mrs. Elenor Wood, and another maid that was within the house, saw three great pans of lard shake and totter so upon a shelf in the milk house that they were like to fall down. Upon this violent knocking, Mr. Basil Wood and his wife, being then in the hall, came presently into the milk house to their mother, where finding her somewhat disturbed, and inquiring the reason, she replied, 'God Almighty only knew the matter'; *she* could tell nothing, but she heard the knocking; which being *within doors*, Mr. Basil Wood concluded was for some of the family *at home*, that upon the door being for a friend *abroad;* which accordingly fell out, *three* of the family, according to the number of the knocks, dying within little more than half a year after, viz., Mrs. Hester Wood, wife to Mr. Basil Wood, a child of Mrs. Wood's sister, and Mrs. Elenor Wood, his mother [the same woman who had heard the previous knockings].

(3) "About August, 1674, Mr. Basil Wood, junior, son of the Mr. Basil Wood aforesaid, living in Exeter, in Devonshire, heard the same kind of knocking, at which, being disturbed, he wrote word of it to his father here at Bampton, in Oxfordshire; viz., 'That one Sunday he and his wife and her sister and his brother did distinctly hear upon a table in their chamber, as they stood by it, two several knocks struck as if with a cudgel, one of them *before* and the other *after* morning prayer, a little before dinner'; which letter was shown to Mr. Wood, senior, (as the other knockings before the deaths of any that dyed were *beforehand* told) to several neighboring gentlemen; after which within about fourteen days, Mrs. Hester Wood, a second wife of Mr. Basil Wood, senior, and about a quarter of a year after, her father, Mr. Richard Lissett, dyed both at Bampton; since which time they have heard nothing more as yet."

It is to be noted, in these very early occurrences, that the raps occurred some time *before* the

deaths of the persons concerned and in one case the very woman who heard the knocks was one of the persons to pass away.

In 1784, (at which time the family had changed the spelling of their name) a similar experience was reported, at the death of Mr. George Woodd, as cited by Mr. Myers:

"The following is a copy made by Miss Ethel Woodd of an entry by her father, Mr. Charles H. L. Woodd, in the margin of his copy of Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire:*

'The said warning was heard at the death of Mr. George Woodd, of Richmond, Surrey. A knocking was heard by Mrs. Woodd the night before he died. He said, "Oh, it is the Woodd's warning, I shall die before morning." He did so. A.D. March, 1784 C. H. L. Wood' (Mr. George Basil Woodd, father of Mr. Basil George Woodd, died March 11, 1784.)

## Knocks on Front Door

BETWEEN this experience and the next recorded incident there is a gap of nearly ninety years. However, from statements in the documents it is evident that the "Woodd knockings" were well remembered, and their meaning was clearly recognized by this time.

"Basil George Woodd died at Hillfield, Hampstead, August 28th, 1872, aged 91 years.

"Hannah Wardman, an old servant, living in Mr. Basil George Woodd's house, the Old Parsonage, Harrogate, Yorkshire, heard three distinct knocks outside the front door the night he died at Hampstead. She got up and went down in the middle of the night, opened the door and looked round—no a creature to be seen over all the common. The knocks occurred again and she came down a second time in vain. She also heard dogs coming into the yard howling all night.

"At Hillfield, Mr. Gleave, the butler, heard knocks at the pantry window. It is thought that an old servant, who lived at Hillfield at the time, may be able to corroborate it, and she has been communicated with.

"(Mrs. Basil Kilvington Woodd kindly helped in the collection of these facts. F. W. H. M.")

Mr. Myers then presents the following letter from the Hillfield servant mentioned above:

Lower Lodge, Waterperry
Wheatley, Oxon.

June 22,189

"Hon. Madam—In reply to your request about the knockings heard by Gleave on the eve of Mr. Woodd's death, at Hillfield, August 2 1872, I quite well remember Gleave coming out of the pantry and saying:

'Someone has been knocking at the pantry window.' Nothing could

e seen; we supposed it must have een a bird. Gleave said, 'It is a range thing for a bird to come here.' The dog howled piteously. hase, one of the men in the gar-en, remarked, 'The old master ill soon be gone and the dog knows .'

"I remember Mr. C. H. L. Woodd nce speaking of the knocks being eard in the Woodd family at the eath of the oldest member.

"I heard Hannah Wardman her-lf speak of the three knocks at ie Old Parsonage; the neighbors marking in the morning to her ow late she had visitors. As they ere speaking, a messenger brought ie sad tidings of Mr. Woodd's eath. It was the exact time of the nocking at the Parsonage door.

Yours respectfully,
Sarah Taylor."

## pe on the Grate

N the following incident, the knockings seem to have been remonitory, but occurred very ortly before the death of Mr. harles H. L. Woodd, on Decem-r 15, 1893, between 8 and 9 A.M.

'August 21, 1895.

On Thursday evening, Decem-r 15, 1893, after church I was ting before my fire—I knew my ther was ill, and had a presenti-ent that he was dangerously ill, ough if I had known this I ould have remained at Hamp-ead, where I had been that day. As I sat, I distinctly heard three knocks, perhaps more, like the sound of someone emptying a to-bacco pipe upon the bars of my fire-grate.

'Thinking it may be a warning I did not go to bed for an hour, thinking I might be sent for. At one A.M. the butler, Arthur Read-ing, came, and I was awakened from sleep by ringing of the front door bell and knocking. He told me the doctor had sent for me, as my father was very ill: and he would be back in twenty minutes whilst I dressed, to take me to Hampstead. He went to Westmin-ster for medical appliances. In half an hour he had not returned, and I said to my housekeeper, "I must go. I feel sure that my father is dying, because I heard the Woodd knocks as I sat in my chair before going to bed."

'A hansom cab passed and I ordered the man to drive as fast as he could to Roslyn (Hampstead). On my arrival my first question was, "Is he still alive?" for I be-lieved he must have passed away at the time of the knocking. He died at 8:45 next morning.

Trevor Basil Woodd.
Assistant Curate, S. Peter's,
Eaton Square, London.'

'St. Crinian, 7, Walpole
Gardens, Strawberry Hill.
Dec. 13th. 1895.

'I am requested by Mrs. Basil Kilvington Woodd to write down

the following facts relating to the death warning that has occurred in our family.

'On December 14, 1893 (Thursday morning) hearing my father, Mr. Charles Woodd, was not well I left Epsom, where I was staying, for Hampstead, and found my father in bed and very weak, but I was in no way anxious about him, as I did not suppose him to be seriously ill. At 11 o'clock at night, being tired and finding I could not assist my mother or the nurse, I lay down in an adjoining room leaving the door wide open, and I fell asleep. In a short time, I was suddenly awakened by a loud rapping as if at the door. I jumped up and ran into the passage thinking my mother had called me. I listened at the door of my father's room, but no one was moving. I lay down again and instantly fell asleep, when exactly the same thing occurred. I did not actually sleep again, and cannot say whether any sound made me get up the third time, but I went in search of the doctor and gathered that he was anxious about my father, who was getting much weaker. We were all aroused and about 8 o'clock A.M. my father died.

'I did not connect this rapping with the Woodd warning, as all was so rapid and unexpected, but on mentioning it at breakfast the next morning to my brother, the Rev. Trevor Basil Woodd, he told me he also heard a similar wa ing in his rooms in Vauxh Bridge-road about the same ti Winifred Dumbell, nee Wood

## Three Simultaneous Signals

IN some respects, the most markable of the famous Woo rappings, and the last reported Myers, were heard by the t nieces and daughters of deceased man, all in entir different locations.

Myers continues:

"Basil Thomas Woodd d June 4, 1895, 10:30 P.M. His t daughters sent me the follow statement:

'On June 3, at 10:30 Fanny, his daughter, staying w Mrs. Stoney, 83, Wharton-ro West Kensington, heard kno apparently from next door, as nails being hammered in and tures hung, which seemed so likely at that hour of night t the next morning she mentione to Mrs. Stoney, whose bedro was just below hers, asking if had heard it or could account it. At the same hour Kate, youngest daughter, who was v him [Mr. Woodd] at his brot Robert's house, Woodla Hampstead, having retired the night, heard bangs or thu against the windows bel which made her suspect burgl The next day, the 4th, Fanny Mrs. Stoney to go to Woodla

nd Kate was to leave on the 5th. Mr. Woodd was in his usual health, nd was with the family at dinner, hatting and telling Yorkshire stor-s, but had no appetite and ate othing, and at 10 was seized with ne apoplectic attack from which e never rallied, and breathed his ast at 10:30 P.M.

Fanny L. Woodd
Kate I. Woodd.'

"Roslyn Hampstead, N.W.
August 5th, 1895.

"Dear Sir: I send you the fol-wing account, which I should ke you to see, in reference to the Woodd Knockings.'

"A few days before hearing of e death of my uncle, Mr. Basil homas Woodd, which took place Woodlands, Hampstead, I dis-ctly heard a sound of some one nocking two or three times at the ont door; it was about 10:30 M., and I was in bed, but think-g it might be a beggar I got up nd looked out of the window; no ne was there, and all was quiet ter, and I thought nothing more the circumstance until I heard my uncle's death a few days af-r. I may add I am not superstiious, nor was I expecting that my ncle was in danger. I and my sis-r were staying at the time at Oughrshaw, Skipton-in-Craven.

Believe me, yours truly,
Gertrude J. Woodd."

"Roslyn, Hampstead, N.W.
August 5th, 1895.

"Dear Sir: My cousin, Miss Woodd of Conyngham Hall, Knaresborough, asked me to send you my own experiences of what I believe to be the 'Woodd knockings.' I am not superstitious in these ways, but one night about 10 P.M. I heard in my bedroom a sound as of some one hammering nails into a wall. My sister slept next door and remembers that the next morning I asked if she had been putting up something on her wall, after retiring for the night. She said she had not, and I thought little more about it. There was no one else about in that part of the house. This took place, as far as I can remember, several days before I heard of the death of my uncle, Mr. Basil Woodd, which took place at the residence of my uncle, Mr. Robert Woodd, of Hampstead, on Tuesday, June 4. We did not hear of the event until the following Thursday, June 6.

Yours truly,
Ethel G. Woodd."

Myers' following comments on this strange series of phenomena are very apt in the light of what we now know of psychic phenomena.

"Can it be possible that when communication of this sort has been found feasible by some group on the other side there is a continuity of effort to sustain it? or that each decedent in succession

finds in the previous history a suggestion to attempt a similar message himself? Or that there is in the family a hereditary aptitude for the same type of percipience?

"In various ways indeed, our evidence suggests that approaching death may bring about a *rapprochement* between incarnate and discarnate souls of which such evidential incidents as we can get hold of give but a partial glimpse. For instance, if the dying can appear to the living, may they not appear also to the dead? May there not, that is to say, be some precursory manifestation of the departing spirit to friends in the unseen world, as well as a farewell manifestation to friends in this?"

## Successful "Field Phenomena"?

TO my mind, the case of the "knockings" would appear to be a purposeful group activity of some sort, which Myers suggests in his first question. On some of the occasions it is premonitory of death and in others, it takes the for of a phenomenon occurring at t moment of death. It would see to be a successful teleologic attempt to transmit a notice death to the persons concerne Such an activity would mo plausibly be the work of a group discarnate minds, it seems to m than the result of the work of ea decedent as he passes into anoth condition. It could be argued th if the carrying forward of the ph nomenon depended upon the laying of the ability from deced to decedent, the chain of "kno ings" might have ended mu sooner, due to the general lack a cooperative spirit in human ings. These recorded happeni pose the intriguing question whether or not a number of carnate minds could "act in co sion" and carry such a phenomen on for a span of centuries. Wh ever the explanations, the "Woo rappings" form a remarka chapter in the history of Engl psychic research.

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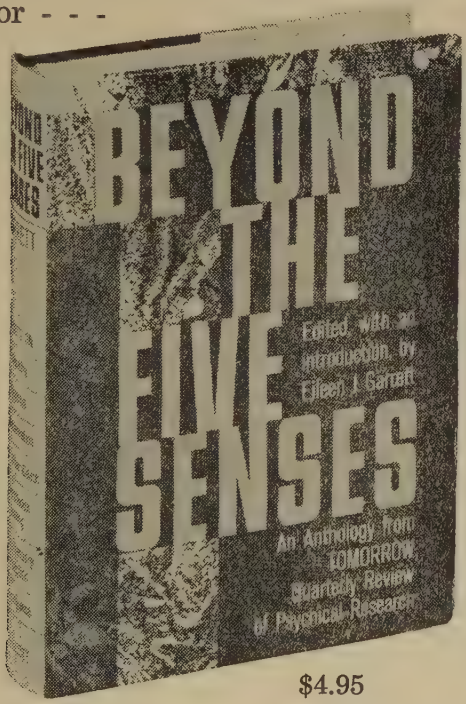
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*What power forced Mrs. Paul out into a driving snow storm to re-new her husband's accident policy on that particular day?*

# DOUBLE INDEMNITY

*Val E. Paul*

IT was December 4, 1950, just past noon, and as I felt a little drowsy after eating, I decided to take a short nap at our home in Minnesota.

In a short while I was awakened suddenly by my own sobbing. Tears were streaming down my cheeks. I had just had the most frightening and realistic dream.

I saw my husband's limp figure being lifted and carried by two strangers. His face and jacket were smeared with dirt. I sat up on the edge of the couch and shook my head vigorously, but it was a trance from which I could not awaken. I wondered if I had slept long, and glancing at the clock, I noticed that it was just past one in the afternoon, Central Standard Time.

I began to wonder about my husband. He must have reached Seattle now, since he had left home two days before to look for work in Seattle or Tacoma. If he found work and a place to live, the children and I were to follow him later. I had not heard from him by mail as it takes five days to receive a letter from Seattle. I was determined not to worry.

As I rose and attempted to follow my usual household routine, the feeling of apprehension grew and dominated all my thinking. If he had been in an accident, I had better look for his insurance policy which I knew was about to expire. My family had been going through

financial difficulties and if there had been an accident, we would need the insurance. I found the policy and sure enough, it was in its last day of grace. I would need twenty-five dollars to renew it, and that was all that I had for groceries and for the care of our two small children. I knew that I could not use this money.

I decided to try borrowing enough from my husband's father. He lived fifteen miles from my home, but at that moment a severe winter storm with drifts of snow made the road hazardous. It was already two-thirty and I doubted if I could make it over there and back to the insurance office in time to renew the policy.

Again I tried to reason that it was foolish to feel so certain about something with only a dream for backing. But a stronger force seemed to overpower my reason. I had to go, even though I feared the danger of driving through a storm with the children.

On the way to my in-laws, I decided that I had better not mention my dream. I would simply tell them that my husband had forgotten to leave enough money to cover his quarterly insurance payment. They lent me the money without any question, and I left immediately for the insurance office. I arrived there just before closing time. Relieved from worry, I drove home through the storm.

A week filled with anxiety pass ed, without any word from m husband. Finally, on Decembe 9, a letter arrived in his hand writing. "At last he is well enoug to write," I thought, and tore th envelope open with tremblin hands. I read the following lette

Tacoma, Washingto
December 4, 19
My dearest Val,

You will be very much surprise to learn that I've been in a b accident. It happened betwee Seattle and Tacoma. I had decide to go and call on your Uncle Da in Tacoma, to see if he could he me find a job. I didn't want hi to think that I wanted to move with him so I left my suitcase the depot in Seattle. Then it turn out that he invited me to st there until I found a job, and so was returning to Seattle to pick u my suitcase when the accide occurred.

A car driven by a woman r head-on into the bus. The driv slammed on his brakes and the b careened and landed on its sid scrambling all the passengers. T woman driver of the car was kill outright. This was a four-lane hig way, and we were the only t vehicles on the road. It seemed credible that an accident shou happen under those circumstanc

I found myself lying in the ai on my stomach with a big, bu

passenger on top of my shoulders. He was lying crossways in the bus and had a badly broken leg, so he was unable to move until help came. It seemed ages before they took him off me, and when they did, my arms seemed to be paralyzed, and I too had to be lifted and carried out of the bus. I sure was dirty, my face was covered with smudges and my jacket was a mess.

My shoulder is badly bruised and I have a very stiff neck. Tomorrow I have to go to the hospital for a check-up to find out if I have any fractures. I'm plenty stiff and sore. Bus insurance will come in here, and by the way, look up my Travelers Insurance and see if it is still in force. Send me the number. . . I hope to see you by Christmas.

Love to you and the kids,
DADDY

He arrived home the day before Christmas, and we began to check the time of my dream and the accident. I wrote to the editor of *The Tacoma News Tribune* and he replied that the accident occurred on the Seattle-Tacoma highway shortly after 3 P.M. Coastal Time on Monday, Dec. 4, 1950. My dream took place a little after 1 P.M. Central Standard Time. Thus my dream and the accident had occurred simultaneously.

As my husband had been riding on a public conveyance when the accident occurred, we were paid double indemnity by the insurance company. So it seemed that my telepathic warning had pierced the barrier of two thousand miles, to help us provide for our family in a time of danger and distress. I am now convinced that no distance is too great when the mind reaches out to protect those we love.

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*Is extra-sensory perception a tool of genius? Does a special faculty account for creative power of artists and scientists?*

# THE SECRET OF GENIUS

*H. Addington Bruce*

ONE OF the hardest problems psychology has had to solve s that raised by the appearance, rom time to time, of individuals o intellectually superior to their ellows as to be designated men nd women of genius. Psychology, n fact, made no real effort to olve that problem until it was ttacked, about the middle of last entury, by a group of specialists n abnormal psychology. Chief mong these pioneers in the study f genius were Moreau of Tours, Hagen, Cesare Lombroso, and ombroso's disciple, Max Nordau.

Preoccupied as they were with he abnormal, these specialists, ot surprisingly, began by looking or eccentricities in the behavior of men and women of genius. Eccentricities they thought they found in such abundance as to justify the belief that people of genius are an aberrant, even degenerate type of humanity allied to the insane, hence deserving to be repressed rather than encouraged. This view so impressed scientists in general as to gain a popular vogue.

Unhappily this vogue persists to the present day. N. D. M. Hirsch may be only too right in explaining its persistence as "indubitably due in great part to the inherent hatred of the masses for the novel, original, superior, and unlike." More recently and less bitterly, but none the less unmistakably, we find much

the same view in Joseph Wood Krutch's searching effort to answer the question, "Is Our Common Man Too Common?" in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Jan. 10, 1953.

At any rate, the abnormality of genius continued dominant in psychological thinking until a rude jolt was given to the theory by the researches of one who was himself a true man of genius, Frederic W. H. Myers, of England.

Studying human personality in almost all its phases, Myers finally affirmed:

"Professor Lombroso and other anthropologists have discussed the characteristics of the 'man of genius' with the result of showing, as they believe, that this apparently highest product of the race is not a culminant but an aberrant manifestation. . . .

"On this point I shall join issue; and I shall suggest, on the other hand, that genius . . . should rather be regarded as a power of utilizing a wider range than other men can utilize of faculties in some degree innate in all—a power of appropriating the results of subliminal mentation to subserve the supraliminal stream of thought; so that an 'inspiration of genius' will be in truth a subliminal uprush, an emergence into the current of ideas which the man is consciously manipulating of other ideas which he has not consciously originated, but which have shape themselves beyond his will i profounder regions of his being

"I shall say that there is here n real departure from normality, a least in the sense of degeneration but rather a fulfilment of the tru norm of man, with suggestions it may be, of something super normal; of something which trans cends existing normality as a advanced stage of evolutionar process transcends an earlier stage.

## The Reluctant Psychologists

So impressed was the grea psychologist William James b Myers' findings with regard to wha Myers himself termed the sub liminal self, that James declare study of the subliminal self woul be psychology's main problem fo the future. Events have not as yo borne out James' prediction so fa as psychology itself is concerne

Psychology, to be sure, do now recognize that the huma mind has a subconscious as we as a conscious region; and psycho ogy does grant that for a com plete understanding of genius w must take the subconscious as we as the conscious into accoun But, if only because psycholog still scorns the assistance it cou have from the psychical research now increasingly known as par psychology—that was Myers' ch interest, genius remains dim known by orthodox psychologis

Roughly speaking, their present position with regard to genius is that the man or woman of genius is one who, by dint of unusually keen observation and reflection in some special field of endeavor, stores his or her subconscious with a mass of facts which, albeit perhaps long forgotten, rise soon or late into the field of consciousness to give birth to some outstanding discovery or invention or masterpiece of creative writing or artistic or musical composition.

Undeniably this view of genius is valid, so far as it goes. It leaves unanswered, though, questions on which the psychical research of Myers' day had already thrown light, and on which the parapsychology of today is throwing still further light.

There is, for one thing, the question as to whether the subconscious of any individual contains only facts garnered by that individual himself through conscious or subconscious observation and reflection, or also may contain facts that have come to him quite involuntarily. The orthodox psychologist would answer this question one way; the psychical researcher, the parapsychologist, even of Myers' day, would answer it quite differently. This would follow, for one thing, because the orthodox psychologist denies, the parapsychologist affirms, the fact of extra-sensory perception.

## Proof in the Cards

I CALL it a fact for the sufficient reason that, especially since Dr. J. B. Rhine in this country, and Dr. S. G. Soal, in England, began their Zener card experiments, there is no reasonable denying of the actuality of telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition (to mention only three phases of extra-sensory perception). Telepathy, by itself, means that the subconscious of any individual may gain, all unwittingly, knowledge of facts latent in the subconscious of some other individual, even if the two individuals are thousands of miles apart.

Hence it is that I am unable to accept the hackneyed "explanation" of chance coincidence as invariably accounting for discoveries or inventions of importance to mankind often made simultaneously, or almost simultaneously, by men of genius quite unaware of the similar accomplishment by some other man of genius working in the same field.

I have already mentioned some of these many puzzling coincidences in my article on "Telepathy in Our Lives", TOMORROW, Spring, 1957. As I then stated, in at least one of these "coincidences" we have definite reason for believing that something other than chance was involved. I refer to the sudden emergence into the field of consciousness of the evolutionary

hypothesis credited both to Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace.

The fact is long-established that telepathically-gleaned knowledge is most likely to rise from the subconscious into the conscious region of the mind when one is mentally off guard, or, as medical psychologists would put it, in a state of mild dissociation—as in dream, reverie, or while thinking of nothing in particular. This is known to have been true of both Darwin and Wallace when the hypothesis of human evolution occurred to them.

Neither man was working at his desk. To both men the epoch-marking hypothesis came with startling suddenness. To Darwin it came when he was drowsily enjoying a drive along a country road in England; to Wallace, while taking his ease in a hammock in far-off Malaya.

### Inspiration vs. Perspiration

I AM reminded of a statement Thomas A. Edison made to me some years ago.

Mulling over the problem of genius, I had happened to recall the statement credited to Mr. Edison—that genius is ten per cent inspiration, ninety per cent perspiration. I wrote to Mr. Edison, asking about his methods of work and he answered promptly:

"I find that in my own case the details of carrying out new ideas are arrived at by hard thinkin But the new ideas themselves a pulled out of the air, so to speal they come as a surprise."

Many a man of genius h testified to his debt to his su conscious, and in terms implyin his recognition that the debt not wholly to his *own* subconsciou More than one poet of the fir order, in describing the state his mind during his creative m ments, has insisted that his wor were composed as in a dream. was conspicuously thus with Goeth and with Goethe's great frien Schiller. We have from Dante th cryptic but most suggestive test mony to his appreciation of, an the help he had from, subconsciou mentation:

"I am so constituted that whe love inspires me, I attend; an according as it speaks to me, express myself."

Lamartine, the famous Frenc statesman and author, more direc ly conceded, "It is not I wh think, but my ideas which thin for me." Voltaire, on seeing o of his tragedies performed, e claimed, "Was it really I wh wrote that?" Bettinelli, Voltaire junior, commented:

"The happy moment for th poet may be called a drea dreamed in the presence of the i tellect, which stands by and gaz with open eyes at the performance.

As with great poets, so with other men of genius, no matter what form their genius takes. Again and again we find indications, and more than indications, of their having sensed in some degree the part played by their subconscious in their creations, discoveries, interpretations, innovations, and inventions. Sometimes they have been as keenly aware of this as Goethe and Schiller, Dante and Lamartine, Voltaire and Bettinelli.

Mozart frankly said that the ideas for his compositions came "involuntarily like dreams." As to Chopin, we have it on the word of George Sand: "Chopin's creation was spontaneous, miraculous; he wrote without foreseeing. It would come complete, sudden, sublime."

Gluck avowed that the music he wrote seemed to flow to him, he knew not whence. Compare the statement of the composer, Hoffman: "When I compose, I sit down to the piano, shut my eyes, and play what I hear." Charles Camille Saint-Saens, famed for *Samson* and other operas, was still another man of musical genius who listened when he composed. Remy de Goncourt, scholar and critic, has testified, "My conceptions rise into the flow of consciousness like a flash of lightning, or the flight of a bird."

Frederic W. H. Myers has noted that George Sand, who recorded the action of the subconscious in Chopin, often found in her own experience while writing, "a continuous and effortless flow of ideas," sometimes with and sometimes without an apparent exterioration of the characters who spoke in her romances. Charles Dickens was another famous novelist who sometimes "saw" his characters, particularly Mrs. Gamp who used to come and talk to him while he was in church.

## Riches in Idleness

ALL men of genius have, as often stressed, been hard workers, their hard work itself being necessary to enrich their subconscious storehouse with, as it were, ideas for underground manipulation. Not so often noted is the fact that another characteristic of genius has been a tendency to give much time to sheer idling. There was much more than he appreciated behind Cameron Rogers' choice of *The Magnificent Idler* as the title of his biography of Walt Whitman. Leonardo da Vinci, if a colossal worker, was almost as colossal an idler.

Whitman, Leonardo, and the rest idled because they intuitively sensed that it was in their "off guard" moments they were most likely to gain profitable ideas from their subconscious, whether the ideas got into the subconscious from their own labors or came to

the subconscious by what now is known as extra-sensory perception, or ESP.

This, of course, orthodox psychology has not yet conceded, as I feel psychology must concede in time. But there are some men of genius who did seem well aware of it, though they did not know the meaning of extra-sensory perception, a term not even coined in their day. Goethe, for one, stressed in a letter to Humboldt, "The difficulty has been to get through strength of will what is really to be gotten only through a spontaneous act of Nature." There is also a world of significance to the "dogged does it" school in a suggestion made by Lord Bacon long before Goethe wrote to Humboldt:

"A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought are generally the most remarkable, and should be secured because they seldom return."

Of all men of genius, however, none have come so close to acknowledging that ESP does play some part in their lifework as have Goethe and his friend and fellow worker, Schiller.

Schiller bitterly complained that when he was consciously at work creating and constructing, his imagination "was hampered and did not perform with the same freedom it had shown when nobody wa looking over its shoulder." T Christian Körner, Schiller wrot "In a creative brain reason has wit drawn her watch at the door, an ideas crowd in, pell-mell."

## "...A Little Poem in Its Birth

GOETHE, for his part, wa even more keenly aware tha some of his writings were don automatically or semi-automatica ly. The novel *Werther*, written i a few weeks yet giving Goethe h first taste of worldwide fame, wa by his own admission, "writte in a state almost of somnambulism Further, as Goethe told the collab orator of his twilight years, J hann Peter Eckermann, some his loveliest lyrics were writte under a mysterious compulsio

"Sometimes I would run to m desk, and, without taking time set my paper straight, woul without stirring from my plac write out the poem from beginnin to end....On several occasio the scratching and spluttering my pen awoke me from my son nambulistic poetizing and so di tracted me that it suffocated little poem in its birth."

Similarly, Goethe once informe Eckermann, when telling of t origin and composition of his poem

"They have been preceded b no impressions or forebodings, b have come suddenly upon me, an have insisted on being compos

immediately. . . . In such a somnambulistic condition it has often happened that I have had a sheet of paper lying before me all aslant, and I have not discovered this till all had been written, or I have found no room to write any more."

Bearing even more directly on the part played by ESP in the lives of men and women of genius in general, Goethe confided to Eckermann his belief that the man of genius is not a power in himself, but rather a channel of power. Eckermann had asked him whether there were no means of inducing productive moods, and Goethe answered:

"No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought that bears fruit and has results, is in the power of anyone; such things are above earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above. . . . In such cases man may often be considered an instrument in a higher government of the world—a vessel worthy to contain a divine influence."

## Goethe and His Double

QUITE apart from his literary work, Goethe had varied experiences of extra-sensory perception—adventures in telepathy, clairvoyance, at least one in precognition of a most dramatic sort.

Shortly before he left Strassburg to make Weimar his home for the rest of his life, Goethe had ridden a few miles from Strassburg to say goodbye to Friederickà Brion, his sweetheart of that time. Coming back, to report in his own words:

"I saw myself on horseback coming towards me on the same path, dressed in a suit which I had never worn, pale gray with some gold. As soon as I had shaken myself out of this reverie, the form vanished. It is strange, however, that I found myself actually on this same path eight years afterward. . . . and that I then wore the suit I had dreamed of, and this not by design but by chance."

Guy de Maupassant was another man of genius to have seen his double, and in an even more startling way. The experience took place in his own study, while he was hard at work. According to Eugene Osty, de Maupassant thought he heard the door open, looked up, and was not a little surprised to see himself come in, sit down facing him, and begin to dictate to him what he was writing. When de Maupassant had finished, he got up and the hallucination vanished.

Goethe and Guy de Maupassant were but two of the many men and women of genius to experience ESP in everyday life. I have space for mention of only a few others: Victor Hugo, the botanist Charles Linnaeus, Mark Twain, Lord Brougham, Fulton Oursler, An-

drew Lang, Robert Browning, Lord Tennyson, Swedenborg, J. Addington Symonds, the sculptor Harriet Hosmer, the French physician Gallet.

## The Universal Heritage

GALLET'S ESP experience, as reported by the eminent French psychical researcher Charles Richet, is among the most striking in the history of psychical research in its suggestion that ESP is part of the universal human heritage. At the time, Gallet was a medical student and was preparing for an examination. While thus engaged, Richet tells us:

"He was obsessed by a thought that dominated his work, and he wrote down in his note-book, 'M. Casimir-Perier has been elected president of the Republic by 451 votes.' Gallet cared nothing for politics, and the phrase dumbfounded him. He showed it to his comrade Varzy, with whom he was working. After lunch he went to his lectures, and meeting two fellow students, Bouchet and Delorne, he told them the premonition, at which they only laughed. After lectures, the four students went to a cafe, and shortly after the Paris newspapers arrived, announcing the election of Casimir-Perier by 451 votes."

Further than this, Richet tells us: "Gallet is now a physician at Annecy, and a senator of Savoy. Varzy is a physician, also at Annecy; Delorne is a pharmacist; Pouchet, a physician at Conseilles. All four certify to the strict truth of the fact, which they remember quite clearly. The candidature of Casimir-Perier was very doubtful and unlikely. The betting was on Brisson or Dupuy. This case is, to my thinking, one of the most decisive and convincing proofs of premonition on record."

In the case of two brilliant women of my own acquaintance, Lillian Whiting and Mary Austin, ESP unquestionably saved the lives of each and preserved them for further writing of importance. Miss Whiting, then living on the top floor of the Hotel Brunswick in Boston, was hurrying along a corridor to catch an elevator for dinner. Just before she reached the open door, a man's form appeared before her from nowhere and caused her to pause. The form vanished as mysteriously as it had come. In that brief pause Miss Whiting saw that, though the door was open, no elevator was beyond it. Had she not been obliged to stop she would have plunged to her death.

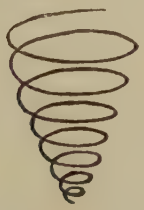
Miss Austin's life was saved by a premonition that sent her hurrying from one hotel in San Francisco to another. She had told her publisher and some friends that she was sure the hotel at which she was staying was about to be

destroyed. All laughed at her, but she insisted on moving out. She found new quarters in another hotel just outside the region which, the day after she moved, was ravaged by the historic San Francisco earthquake and fire.

## Poetic Prescience

IN at least one case about which I feel there can hardly be any quibbling, extra-sensory perception was revealed by a man of genius in his own writings. I refer to *Locksley Hall*, Alfred Tennyson's great poem of frustrated love. Written many years before the invention of the airplane, for no discernible reason five of the verses of this poem shift from the bitterness of the disappointed lover to a portrayal of the aerial traffic and the aerial warfare that so soon followed the proof given by the Wright brothers in 1903 that machines could fly through the air bearing men, goods, and weapons with them.

Small wonder that, shortly before his death, Goethe voiced to Eckermann his belief in "the feelers of the soul." Small wonder that, lacking any appreciation of the importance of the soul and its extra-sensory feelers, most psychologists leave these so out of account that they lack anything like an understanding of human personality as expressed in its true "norm"—the man and woman of genius. You will not find even the word "genius" in the index of some psychology textbooks.



# "WHAT WE CALL GENIUS ..."

"Surely it is noteworthy that just here [in telepathy] our sensitivity passes beyond the realm of mere observation into that of feeling; beyond the facts that you observe, there is the sense of other things, not fully known, which have value and importance. I have already noticed that our faculty of telepathy, such as it is, seems to operate best in just those spheres where our normal instrument, language, either fails or works with difficulty.

"It is certain, I suppose, that there still are more things in heaven and earth than are at present mastered by science. And Bergson has reminded us that millions of men have lived for thousands of years in a world vibrating with electricity, without ever suspecting that there was such a thing. Are we not probably now in the presence and under the influence of unknown forces, forces concerned with deeper or more remote values or beauties or loyalties, which are beyond the range of our exact knowledge and power of definition, but by no means beyond the reach of an undefined but strong and even passionate feeling: 'This is what I value,' 'This is what I love,' 'This is what I must obey' or negatively, 'This is what I reject.'

"I suspect that what we call genius is a special sensitiveness in this region of art, poetry, thought and the like: a sensitiveness which according to many critics is apt to be deadened and disregarded by our all-absorbing material civilization, and if so is disregarded at our peril. It is in that region that our great tool, language, fails us and we have most highly developed our ancient prelinguistic or supra-linguistic sympathy."

*Gilbert Murray (1866-1957), Regius Professor of Greek, University of Oxford, in his Presidential Address to the Society for Psychical Research, London, May 21, 1952.*

*For an old lady, the job of finding a genealogist to trace the entries in her Bible was simple—just read the want ads!*

# INTUITION?

*Julian Franklyn*

DUTTON'S Secretarial Service, Ltd. of London, is not run on ntuition: it is a branch of Dutton's chool of Shorthand and has as s purpose the function of supply- ng secretaries to business people ho work with facts and figures— ot intuition. Dutton's also under- akes typing from manuscripts and ne use of the typewriter is a prac- cal occupation demanding the se of all the fingers and no in- uition.

This business, like any other, eeds to advertise, and since space expensive they do not waste ords. They say clearly and con- sely that they supply office staff nd execute jobs of typewriting, ith no extra sentiments added.

The office is in Bloomsbury, London, near the British Museum and the University and as a result the typing they get is thus inclined to be more in the nature of literary and scientific matters than commercial or technical affairs. Even so, there is nothing intuitive or occult about the work.

Through one or another project they have typed hundreds of thousands of words for me. Occasionally, it is true, I write of parapsychological matters, but most of my work is connected with heraldry and genealogy. Beyond the fact that I am acquainted with them, there is no other official connection between the writer and Dutton's.

However, an old lady recently came into the office and began to talk rather vaguely about a family Bible, and insisted that she had called in response to the advertisement in the local (Borough of Holborn) paper.

Since that advertisement was offering typewriting service only it seemed reasonable to assume that the old lady wanted to dictate a letter about the family Bible, but when interrogated along these lines she emphatically denied any such desire. She insisted that she had read the advertisement in the paper and what she wanted was a family tree drawn up from the few entries on the end-paper of the Bible.

Well, this is an office that by one amazing chance in ten thousand has a professional genealogist who wanders in and out two or three times a week!

"What made you think we would be able to help you in compiling a family history when we said only that we undertake typewriting and supply staff for offices?"

"Oh, I *knew*," the old lady answered, and no amount of questioning elicited any other reply.

In due course I met her and, from motives of more than mere curiosity, tried to find out how the prosaic wording of the press matter had suggested genealogy. The only reply that I could get was "Oh! I knew."

That is really the end of th story—she knew—with nothing make her know. One small ad in long column of ads—all of the much the same—had acted on h as the crystal or the ink-pool ac on the clairvoyant. She knew- for no reasonable reason.

Although that is the end of th story, everyone will want to kno about the job. Yes, I "took it on. I discovered that the old lady, wh is eighty-eight, has some ver distinguished ancestors. One fough for Charles I, another served Cha les II. One lies buried in Wes minister Abbey, another stand high in English political histor One commanded a man-o-war i the Battle of Trafalgar, anoth fought in the Battle of Brandywin and a third was killed at Inkerman There are many rectors, sever bishops, and a most distinguishe missionary among her forebear Among her collaterals are fou noble houses.

When I handed her the nin large charts that traced her fami tree, she said "Yes—I knew. N body else would have done it—n body else could." The first pro osition is true—nobody else woul It was a big job, and I myself pe haps would not have taken it had it not been for the intuitio intimation, or whatever else it w that moved her to answer that ad Dutton's Secretarial Service offerin office help and manuscript typin

*What are the personal beliefs of outstanding men and women n writing, religion, philosophy and politics on survival?*

# IS THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH?

## *Twelve Authoritative Views*

THE possibility of life after death has excited man's peculation ever since he began to vonder about himself and the universe. Most of the great religions have been built on the belief, expressed with beauty, poetry and passion, that the spirit of man *does* urvive his physical body.

But what is meant by "survival"? And what is it that survives—the oul, the personality, or just the ife-force itself? What form does urvival take? And what do all hose words mean? Different religions have different concepts, nd followers of the same religion ften have different interpretations of the same writings. And what about those who scoff at all those terms, and at the possibility of survival itself? Do they have arguments as convincing as those of Christ, or of Buddha, or of Mohammed, or of the Vedas?

The *Sunday Times* of London recently invited eleven men and one woman to tell what they believe—or do not believe—about life after death. Those who contributed to the series were eminent people of widely varying persuasions—among them a spiritualist, a rationalist, a Mohammedan, a Jew, a Buddhist, and a Hindu, as well as Christians of different denominations.

TOMORROW brings its readers excerpts from all of these statements. As was to be expected, views differed widely. Unexpectedly, however, there is a surprising recurrence of some themes in these statements regarding life after death.

Union with God, for instance, seems almost universally to be considered the ultimate goal, and the real meaning of the hereafter. As one reads the statements, one finds variations on this theme occurring again and again—in the "path to Enlightenment" of the Buddhist, as well as in "the entry into the presence of God" of the Anglican; in "the nearness of our souls to God" of the Jew, as well as "the Companionship on High" which the Moslem seeks; in the Hindu's "relationship of love with God, the supreme Self," as well as in the Catholic's "Heaven, the unending union with God."

Only the rationalist, Earl Russell, holds out sternly against such a concept. But with his decree, "Whatever of good is to exist in the life of mankind must be put into it by mankind," many of the other contributors might agree—except that they go further, and might therefore ask of him, "Whence comes this good in mankind that you mention so casually?"

Another similarity of thought recurs frequently: God sends no one to Hell. One must choose it, and it consists of a cutting oneself off from God. This is often stated in so many words, by people of differing faiths; and often it is implied but unmistakeably stated in other words.

Psychical research is mentioned too, several times; sometimes accompanied by a warning that probings of matters better left to faith can only be damaging, sometimes with more understanding, as by Bishop Wand: "Let psychical research do what it can: it may explore regions of the mind hitherto unknown. But in so far as it is true to itself, it belongs to the realm of science not religion."

Another thought discussed by several contributors, and expressed in quite similar form, is that space and time as we know them are not the space and time of God, or of eternity; that our imagination are limited now to what we can see and understand, and that life beyond death cannot well be conceived of by us, since our conceptions are now based on life in life.

With all their differences and all their similarities, the following statements conspire, perhaps, to show one thing: that man seeks forever what he cannot quite grasp, and that he associates this reaching for something higher than himself with good, or God.

**Dorothy L. Sayers:**

*Miss Sayers is perhaps best known to American readers as creator of Lord Peter Wimsey, one of the most charming sleuths of contemporary detective fiction. Since 1941, however, with the publication of* Begin Here, *a statement of faith, she has been devoting herself to more serious writing. She is an Anglican.*

IF we are to understand the Christian doctrine of what happens at death, we must first rid our minds of every concept of time and space as we know them.

Take down any novel you like from the shelf. It, and the whole universe of action which goes on inside the book, are made things, deriving their existence from the mind of their maker.

Christians believe that our universe of space and time is, similarly, quite "real" so far as it goes—but its reality is dependent on that of its Maker, who is alone real in His own right. They believe that the soul of Man has been so made that it is capable of entering into the true reality which we call "Heaven," or "the presence of God."

To accept reality, it is necessary to acknowledge that the source and center of our being is not in ourselves, but in God. Sin is the self-sufficiency which urges us to reject this idea and to delude ourselves with the flattering fantasy that Man's being is centered in himself—that he can be "as God."

Our "training" to encounter reality is made much more difficult by our insistence on clinging to a false idea of self. If the training is not completed at the time of death, it will have to be completed after death; that is why any attempt to hold the spirits "earth-bound"—by "calling them up" at seances, or even by possessive grief—is to do them wrong by delaying their entry into beatitude.

There remains, however, the terrible possibility that the continual indulgence of the false self may so weaken the true Godward will that it becomes impotent, so that, in the moment of death which is the moment of final choice, the soul will shrink away from the presence of God and refuse beatitude... and this is called Hell.

God *sends* nobody to Hell. But he has so made us that what we choose, that we shall have.

Neither can he force any soul into beatitude against its will; for he has nothing but Himself to give it.

But sooner or later, if beatitude is what we truly want, we shall get it; for it is what God wants for us and, as Saint Paul says, no created thing, whether of time, space, or spirit, can separate us from His love.

### Bertrand Russell:

*Philosopher and mathematician, author of* Mysticism and Logic, Marriage and Morals, History of Western Philosophy *and numerous other volumes, Earl Russell is a social reformer unafraid of controversy. He writes here as a scientific philosopher and rationalist.*

THE belief that death is not the end, but the beginning of another life, is very ancient. I propose to examine this belief, not in the light of tradition and orthodoxy, but from a purely scientific point of view.

The most essential thing in the continuity of a person is memory. Whatever I remember, happened to me; and what you remember, happened to you. We may, therefore, take memory as what defines the continuity of a person.

The question whether we survive death thus becomes the question: Are there, after a man dies, memories of what happened to him while he lived on earth? If there are such memories, we may say that he has survived death; but if not, not.

When this question is viewed scientifically, and not through a fog of emotion, it is very difficult to see any reason for expecting survival. It is fairly certain that memories are connected with the brain, and quite certain that the brain suffers dissolution after death.

When I mention the brain i this connection, I shall expect be accused of materialism. Th accusation, however, would unjust. I believe a living bra to be composed of thoughts an feelings. But thoughts and feelin are evanescent and, if it is th that constitute a living brain, is natural to suppose that th cease or become greatly change when the brain ceases to live.

The belief that we survive dea seems to me on such grounds have no scientific basis. I do n think it would ever have aris except as an emotional reactio to the fear of death.

I may be told that the view am setting forth is bleak and chee less. Undoubtedly, when those v love die, it is an immense comfo to believe that we shall meet the again in heaven. But I see reason whatever to suppose th the universe takes any interest our hopes and desires. Whatev of good is to exist in the life mankind must be put into it mankind.

### Sir Basil Henriques:

*Sir Basil is an authority on juven delinquency and child welfare, and leading figure in the boy's clubs mo ment in Britain. He is a former cha man of the East London Juvenile Cou*

THERE is a prayer which t religious Jew recites daily:

*The soul which Thou hast given me s pure. Thou didst form it; Thou idst breathe it into me; Thou pre-ervest it within me; Thou wilt take from me, but will restore it unto me ereafter. . . . Blessed art Thou, source f Eternal Life.*

The body will crumble and ecay—there will be no resurrection f the body—and the mind will ease to function, but the soul will eturn to the God who gave it and vith Him will live on eternally.

No man has seen God. But many nen have felt His presence. The etter we have fulfilled the Law f God on earth, the nearer shall ve, our souls, be to Him hereafter.

I believe that those who have oved one another here will be eunited in the life everlasting. ust as death does not cut off the ving presence of the loved one vhose body has died, so I believe ve shall remain united to one nother for all time.

I "fear the Lord" in the true ense of standing in awe and re-erence before Him, even as I tand in awe before all that is lorious—before beauty, truth and ove. Whenever these are revealed to ne, I have a sense of peace within ne. In the hereafter that peace will e perfect and will last forever.

### he Right Rev. B. C. Butler:

*. The Right Reverend B. C. Butler, . S. B., has been abbott of Downside nce 1946.*

FOR a Catholic, the question of immortality is answered by the teachings of the Gospel and the Church. This life on earth, we are taught, is a time of probation, the "valley of soul making." Its unique importance is that, for all its brevity, it is the stage of our existence in which we make our final and irrevocable choice between good and evil, between God and selfishness.

This choice is the great affair of our life on earth; and Heaven, unending union with God, is the stake. If we do not make the choice here, we shall never make it; and unending separation from God is the essence of Hell.

Seen in the light of this firm and bracing doctrine, with its challenge to the deepest stratum of our moral life, the macabre curiosity and experimentation of Spiritualism seem peculiarly repugnant. At its best, Spiritualism is an attempt to pry into things which, doubtless for our own good, have not been revealed to us. At its worst, it is an attempt to find elsewhere a certainty which is provided for us by the Christian faith itself.

The doctrine of resurrection is part and parcel of the Christian conviction that the whole material environment of our life, the pageant of the stars and the microcosm of the atom, with all that lies between of wonder and beauty, has

significance and worth in the abiding scheme of divine Providence.

### Air Chief Marshal Lord Hugh Dowding:

*Lord Dowding was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Fighter Command for England from 1936 to 1940, and principal air aide de camp to the King, 1937-43. He is the author of* Lychgate (*Rider & Co., London*), *a report on communication by seance with men killed in battle; and of several other similar volumes.*

MAN has to acquire all the experience which the physical life can give him. Failures have to be rectified, and so it will be seen that many earth-lives are necessary before the True Self—the immortal Spirit which has been clothed in these successive bodies—is free from the Wheel of Rebirth and can pass on its way towards the Unity through realms whither our human minds cannot follow it.

We each have an "etheric double" of the physical body, overlapping it and acting as an intermediary between the physical brain and impressions conveyed to it through astral and finer grades of matter. In a natural death, the etheric double is slowly shed by the personality at the same time as the physical body, and the soul is then free in the astral world; but in the case of a sudden death by accident or in battle, it often happens that this etheric double is not at once disposed of, and this leads to what is known as an "earthbound" condition.

Each person, after death, goes to "his own place"—he gravitates to that spiritual level [in the astral world] for which his earth-life has fitted him. The astral world ranges from those bright reaches which may be thought of as Paradise (but not Heaven) down to the deepest depths of Hell—for Hell is a very real condition. There is no external judgment which *sends* people to Hell. They gravitate there of their own accord because it is their "own place" and they cannot tolerate any brighter conditions. Eternal punishment does not exist and could form no part of a loving God's plan.

The astral level is primarily emotional, and the lessons of the astral are to subdue the emotions of fear, lust, hate, greed and the like, and to foster the emotions of love and veneration. As this process continues, conditions become more pleasurable, but even Paradise pleasures cloy, and the lesson is learned that true happiness comes only from working for others.

The soul is then ready for translation to the mental world, which may be thought of as Heaven. Here the rebellious lower mind has to be mastered, and the lessons of that lifetime assimilated into the

ura of the True Self in preparation or entry into incarnation once more.

### The Right Reverend John William Charles Wand:

*Bishop Wand served as Anglican ishop of London from 1945 to 1955, nd has been canon and treasurer of St. Paul's since 1950. He is editor of the* Church Quarterly Review.

THE Christian doctrine of life after death is not based upon he discoveries of science or the conclusions of philosophy. It is based upon the revelation contained in the Scriptures, which means ultimately the teaching and experience of Jesus Christ.

If we are theologically minded, ve can remind ourselves that in Christ's resurrection it was not God only who triumphed over leath but man also; for He is both God and man and within His uman nature each individual man as, at least potentially, a place.

Our resurrection is guaranteed y our unity with Christ and by othing else. The new life in Him moral and not just physical. It something which possesses the uality of eternity and is therefore uite independent of physical death. One day it will issue in an environment completely consonant ith itself, the sphere of absolute erfection where there is neither n nor sorrow, pain nor parting, isease nor death any more at all. Then we shall be with Christ and in Christ and God will be all in all.

The essence of the description of Heaven is that we are with God in the company of those whom we love, enjoying the fulfillment of our best desires and highest aspirations, and in the satisfaction of utter goodness. The pictures of Hell are meant to depict the utter agony of a soul that cuts itself off from God and all that is good. The enemies of God and goodness must suffer final defeat, or there could be no perfect reign of the good.

Let psychical research do what it can: it may explore regions of the mind hitherto unknown. But in so far as it is true to itself, it belongs to the realm of science, not of religion. "The just shall live by faith."

### Aga Khan:

*The Aga Khan, whose death occurred last July, was leader of the Shiah Ismailia sect of Mohammedans, with followers in India, Africa and Central Asia.*

THE prayers said at the Christian burial ceremony by the presiding ecclesiastics refer to resurrection in a way that implies some kind of similarity with the supposed historical resurrection of Christ three days after His death.

The Islamic conception is, however, different from the extreme materialistic idea of a live body,

similar to the man as he was in life, getting up from his utter destructibility to form a body with all the nervous and other forces that control our existence in this world.

A great deal of the Koran is taken up with God's creation, with God's intimate presence in the world, with the importance of each human being's relation with the Creator; but only in one chapter—the chapter on Light—is the nature of the divinity referred to in a very clear form. Although of course we do not believe that the person of the Creator is a form of light, yet the consequence of the light, as seen in the universe, is the nearest we can imagine or hope to believe about the person of our Creator.

It is a Muslim's highest duty, by intensive prayer and spiritual abandonment of self to the great Universal Soul, to get the supreme blessing of direct communion with absolute reality.

The last words of the Prophet Mohammed were "Companionship on High." This is a third way of looking at survival after death (apart from the Biblical raising of the body, and the Hindu and Buddhist concepts of transmigration or progressive incarnations). This is the hope of all true Muslims, who, like their Prophet, seek "Companionship on High."

**Lt.-Col. Robert E. Key:**

*Colonel Key, sheriff of York in 1919 retired from the British Army to devot his full time to Christian Science. H is a former president of the First Churc of Christ, Scientist.*

JESUS' victory over death an the grave was accomplished b an understanding of the spiritua power which throughout hi ministry he continually exercised He was not fettered by time, matte or finiteness.

Christian Scientists are convince that Jesus not only preached th truth but proved the truth by hi works of healing. His works wer done not merely to restore healt but to teach and prove the grea fact of man's inseparability fro God and therefore of his immorta ity.

Christ Jesus taught and Christia Science reiterates that life is n material but spiritual, and tha death is overcome by an unde standing of God, Spirit.

We need not grieve when ou friends dip below our horizo They rise on new fields of e deavor unseen to those who b lieve they died.

Not many centuries ago, nav gators hesitated to travel far le they should fall over the edge the earth. Science has given us better understanding of the fact But may not our present knov ledge of the universe and man

as primitive as that of the ancient navigators who thought the earth was flat?

To spiritual consciousness there is no death: for Life is God, and God and man are inseparable as Principle and its idea.

### Christmas Humphreys:

*A well known barrister, Christmas Humphreys is founding president of the Buddhist Society, London. He is the author of several books on Buddhism and on crime.*

ALL Buddhist schools agree that life is one. Above all, they agree that life after death is only of relative importance, in that Enlightenment which is the goal of every living thing is to be achieved on earth, and not in any later and post-mortem heaven.

When a man dies, that is, when his lower bodies are worn out and abandoned, he is still full of unexpended causes. Birth is a return to one's labors after a night of sleep; and death is a lying down to sleep after a period of work. The conditions of each life are the result of past actions, and those of the future are being modified now.

All of us move on in the natural process of becoming, and any attempt to hold back the onward-moving, ever-changing soul is a gross interference with natural law. Love may be sent, as an active force, to the departed; for the rest, those with long-forged bonds of friendship will be drawn together to work again.

For the Buddhist, then, the after-life, being in its nature, intensity and duration the effect of the last earth-life and previous lives, is of small importance. What matters is now, and the hell or heaven we are making now for ourselves and all mankind. Until we have eliminated the dominance of self, the self which fights for self-interest against all greater claims, we shall not be able to achieve Nirvana.

Yet in this state of consciousness alone—which will be gained, as the Buddha gained it, while on earth—is the end of birth and death and of the sorrow which is born of illusion. Meanwhile, the one indivisible life moves on to its own high purposes, and on the way forms die innumerable. We, that are life in form, move with it, ceaselessly dying to live, and in that life which knows not death contentedly walk on towards our own and the world's Enlightenment.

### Rev. Dr. W. E. Sangster:

*Dr. Sangster, a former president of the Methodist Conference, is at present general secretary of the Methodist Home Mission Department in Britain.*

SPIRITUALISTS say that survival of personality after death has been proved. Their "proofs" do not convince me. Without a trace of doubt of the integrity of the best

men and women who practice spiritualism, I boggle at their kind of proof. When I complained to them once that no unknown fact or fresh illuminating thought had come to the human race from the spirits they claim to contact, they did not rebut the argument, but suggested that if a group of Church "leaders" were to meet with a medium, the spirits would communicate with us on the level of our interests.

A group of us met... and met again. Nothing came of it. The thought never soared above the trivial, and no discarnate spirit was convincingly identified.

If this kind of proof is not available, on what does the Christian base his confident belief that human personality survives death? On *revelation.*

God in His goodness revealed Himself to men—through seers and sages, through the Hebrew prophets and (most fully) through His incarnate Son, Jesus Christ. By the study of that revelation in the Bible, and by the insights of those who have lived closely with God through the centuries, Christians are clear that life survives death.

This life is not the whole of life: it is a probation. We live in a *moral* world. We are being tested. Judgment, therefore, is inherent in it.

Human nature has a bias to evil. No man alone can completely beat down the evil in him and build up the good. God offers His help to any man in that struggle. He will come and live "in" him, transforming his thoughts, feelings and will. He is seeking all the time to save.

The shortest definitions of both heaven and hell are these: "Heaven is to be with Him: Hell is to shut yourself out."

Souls pass from this earth at different stages of spiritual maturity. Some have enjoyed the indwelling life of God for decades and are half in heaven before they arrive. Others have barely entered the kindergarten of the spiritual life when they die. Part of the willing service of heaven, for the more mature, may be to help those who have barely begun.

**Arabinda Basu:**

*Sri Basu is Spalding Lecturer in Indian Philosophy and Religion in the School of Oriental Studies, University of Durham.*

ACCORDING to Hinduism "man *is* rather than *has* a spiritual soul," and the spirit is quite distinct from the mind, life force, and body. The soul is uncreated, essentially conscious, perfect, and indestructible. Saint Thomas Aquinas argues that the soul is immaterial because reason can know matter and its function. The Hindu will go even further and say that even mind and its func-

ions are known by the soul objec-ively as something other than it-elf, which he calls the Atman. After physical death, it is the At-man which survives.

Hinduism claims that there are psychological methods by which he experience of Self can be ob-ained. Everyone can have this experience provided he undertakes he appropriate spiritual discipline.

Hinduism also believes that there s a series of births on earth. Be-cause one reaps just what one sows, t is necessary for man to come back o the world to exhaust his ac-cumulated *karma*—that is, his total und of experience. Life here, there-ore, is an opportunity to work out r to exhaust the chain of effects hat one has initiated. When this s done, man does not need to take n another physical embodiment.

Survival after death is not im-nortality—every human being urvives death—but it is the attain-nent of spiritual blessedness and he status of true existence from vhich there is no fall into a life of gnorance.

Some schools say that entry into relationship of love with God, the upreme Self, completes Self-ealization.

**rof. E. N. da C. Andrade:**

*Professor Andrade, Fellow of the oyal Society, formerly director in the oyal Institution, and corresponding member of the Academie des Sciences, Institut de France, is author of* The Structure of the Atom.

SCIENCE deals with things that can be systematically, consistently, quantitatively and unemotionally observed; that it has no concern with the things of the spirit is evidenced by the completely different outlook on religious matters held by men who have similar views on the nature of scientific evidence and scientific theory. Devout members of the Church of Rome and of the Church of England, of the Jewish faith, of various Eastern faiths, as well as militant agnostics, all hold the same scientific creed.

When we go from things that can be weighed, measured, observed with instruments and discussed without emotion, to the mysteries of the spiritual world, in particular the possibility—to many the certainty—of a life after death, we move into another sphere. It is certain that in the hereafter everything must be different in fundamental structure, in methods of communication, even in the nature of individuality, from what it is here. Our science of measured space and time is most unlikely to be of any application in considering these matters, and the mental vision of most of us is bounded by conceptions of space and time allied to those of science.

It is a matter of fact that there have been in the past great visionaries who, by some spiritual process, have had glimpses of another world.

These men and women, with an intense certainty, have tried to convey to others what they have experienced, but have found it hard to describe in words that were contrived for mundane experience. They have founded religions, but in their arguments there has been nothing akin to scientific proof. It was with the inspired certainty of the great religious teachers in mind that I once said: "Science has proof but no certainty; religion has certainty but no proof."

The position of many thinking men cannot, perhaps, be better expressed than it was by Goethe, a poet who busied himself with science and the search for truth:

"The greatest happiness of the thinking man is to have fathomed those things which are fathomable and to reserve those which are unfathomable for reverence in quietude."

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*This Nobel Prize winner in physiology was a pioneer worker, yet his psychic hypotheses seem outdated by modern standards*

# CHARLES RICHET — HIS LIFE AND WORK

***Robert Amadou***

ON May 20, 1926, in the auditorium of the Paris Academy of Medicine was celebrated the scientific jubilee of Charles Richet, professor in the Medical School and Nobel Prize winner in physiology. War Minister Paul Painlevé presided over the ceremony assisted by Marshal Foch. The greatest French and foreign scholars—many of whom had been pupils of Richet—came to pay homage to the universally admired master of biology and medicine.

All the speakers praised Richet's work in biology and medicine. They saluted the physiologist whose name would henceforth stand beside those of Claude Bernard, Lavoisier and Magendie. They also remembered to mention the inventor who several years before the Wright brothers' exploit had been depicted by a caricaturist holding in his arms a flying machine he had designed. The orators mentioned Richet's literary activity, so productive that it was almost his second career. They also recalled that he was an historian and had worked for peace and international understanding.

Those who praised this man of such varied talents, this noble and profound spirit, however, made only passing mention of the important *Treatise on Metapsychics* (*Traité de Métapsychique*) which also bore the famous signature of Charles Richet, Professor of the

University of Paris and member of the Institute of France. No one mentioned either the many articles published by Richet on premonitions and ectoplasms. No one pointed out that Richet founded the *Annals of Psychical Sciences* (*Annales des Sciences Psychiques*), the first French publication devoted to psychical research; that he was appointed honorary president of the International Metapsychical Institute—Institut Métapsychique International—on its founding in 1918 and that the Institute's bulletin published articles by him.

## No Mention of Psychic Research

TO listen to Richet's colleagues as they tried to give a complete picture of his varied works, no one would have guessed the importance which the discoverer of anaphylaxis attached to the search for paranormal phenomena and the endeavor to explain them.

Nothing would be more erroneous then to consider the study of the paranormal as simply a pastime or momentary curiosity of the great man. The following will show how wrong this would be.

A year earlier—June 24, 1925—Charles Richet had given his last lecture as professor in the Paris Medical School. Here is the thought he left with his students:

"I should like," said Richet, "before leaving this chair which I have occupied so long, to familiarize you with the outlines of a new science—metapsychics—which does not yet belong to the official teaching of physiology. It is nevertheless a portion of physiology and an integral part of it."

Richet then expressed great confidence in the progress of the new science which he believed could change our conception of man and the world and even lay the groundwork of a new ethics.

It is truly remarkable that this convinced and inspired student of parapsychology—then called metapsychics—was also the materialistic experimenter whose jubilee was celebrated in 1926.

## Studied "Artificial Somnambulism"

CHARLES Richet was born in Paris Aug. 26, 1850. His father Alfred was a hospital surgeon and professor in the Medical School of the University of Paris. Charles, however, although devoted to pure science and the art of healing, also nurtured an abiding love of philosophy and literature.

After completing his studies at the Lycée Bonaparte, Charles Richet, who had toyed with the idea of becoming a writer, chose medicine. After a year as externe he passed his examinations to become an intern. He then took up surgery and, significantly enough, he devoted the first year of his internship in surgery to the study of somnambulism.

From this point on, Richet's labors and discoveries carried him step by step to the pinnacle of fame. He became a full professor in 1878, took over the chair of physiology in the Medical School of the University of Paris in 1887, became a member of the Academy of Medicine in 1898, won the Nobel Prize for physiology in 1913 and became a member of the Academy of Science in 1914.

He died Dec. 3, 1935. "On that day," wrote Sir Oliver Lodge in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* of London, "disappeared a great scholar, renowned as a physiologist throughout the world and yet profoundly interested in our research. This was an extraordinary combination. . ."

Richet began his scientific work in the field of hypnosis or, as it was called in his day, natural and artificial somnambulism. This is how Richet summed up this period of his life: "I had the opportunity of seeing several cases of somnambulism which seemed inexplicable and about which the observers' findings were entirely negative. But I declared without a moment's hesitation that there was such a thing as hypnotic sleep."

He continued: "I turned my office into a place where wonders were performed every night. I investigated the most important phases of somnambulism—anesthesia with doubling of the personality, hallucinations created artificially and many others. Some of these phenomena were already known but still in dispute. Others were completely new."

Richet's first article in Charles Robin's *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology* (*Journal D'Anatomie et de Physiologie*) dealt with these new observations. The author was already showing himself to be a nonconformist.

## Scientific Experimentation

RICHET'S experiments with hypnosis gave him his first idea of what he called "the objectification of types"—that is, the tendency of a hypnotized subject to "incarnate" any personage suggested to him by himself or someone else.

His studies of hypnotism also led Richet to undertake experiments with somnambulists involving telepathy at a distance—or rather, experiments concerned with telepathic suggestion.

Especially worthy of notice is this statement of his: "These phenomena (of somnambulism) which I observed proved so interesting that I decided to give up completely my career as a surgeon and devote myself exclusively to physiology."

At this period Richet spent some time in the Marey laboratory at the Collège de France where he also attended lectures on the most

varied subjects—philosophy, political economy, Egyptology, etc.

In the laboratory he assembled the material for an experimental study on the irritability of the crayfish's muscles. He also completed his thesis for his doctorate in medicine—"Clinical Experimental Studies on Sensitivity."

In 1876 Richet analyzed the elements composing the gastric juices and showed that the acidity of these secretions is due to the presence of hydrochloric acid.

In 1879 Richet devised a technique for stopping hemorrhages by intravenous injections of milk. He discovered about the same time the diuretic action of sugars. From 1881 to 1885, he studied animal heat and respiration, observing that rapid breathing cools the blood through the exhalation of water.

Then came still more important discoveries. In 1887 with Hanriot, Richet devised a new drug which anesthetized the patient and kept him quiet but left his reactions intact. Also with Hanriot he worked out a new procedure for analyzing the respiratory gases and defined the concept of the respiratory quotient.

With Broca, Richet continued the studies of Marey on the refractory phase in the stimulation of the nerves and muscles. He showed that this phenomenon responds to a general law of the neuro-muscular system. At about the same time he studied the content of sodium chloride in the body.

It was also in 1887 that Richet discovered the principle of serum therapy. He perceived that the blood of an immunized animal injected into a non-immunized animal makes the latter immune. He decided to apply this principle to the treatment of human diseases but unfortunately he didn't choose to experiment with diphtheria which would have enabled him to precede Behring in this field. Instead, Richet chose tuberculosis, a disease to which serotherapeutics cannot be applied. A study presented by Richet to the Academy of Science on Nov. 5, 1888 (the paper of Behring and Kitasako is dated Dec. 3, 1890) bears witness to the Frenchman's pioneer role in serotherapeutics.

Then came the fundamental discovery which will forever bear the name of Charles Richet—anaphylaxis. One day Richet noticed to his surprise that certain substances injected for the second time in an animal are fatal in a smaller amount than the first minimum deadly dose. This meant that repeated action of certain toxic substances makes the organism more sensitive rather than less so. The consequences of this discovery are tremendous and many are its uses. Modern medicine couldn't exist without it.

## Palladino Experiments

HOW did it happen that this materialistic scientist became interested in the extraordinary phenomena whose very existence the university researchers of the second half of the nineteenth century unanimously denied? Charles Richet himself, following his research on hypnotism, told how he turned to this new study.

"In 1884," he said, "I was visited by the Russian scholar Aksakov, editor of the *Psychische Studien.* Aksakov told me:

" 'You are working on somnambulism and hypnosis. But there is something else more interesting still—the phenomena called spiritualistic—that is to say apparitions and movements without contact.'

" 'To find out about such phenomena,' I replied, 'I would go to the ends of the earth.'

"He only smiled. He didn't answer. But several months later he wrote: 'You needn't go to the ends of the earth. You need only join me in Milan if you want to see absolutely remarkable things.'

"Shortly afterwards, I was in Milan, and with my famous friend, Cesare Lombroso, Schiaparelli, Chiaia and G. Finzi, I witnessed the experiments carried out with the aid of Eusapia Palladino. These memorable 1884 experiments were conducted with strict checks and they convinced me that there were things here whose study, although rejected by official science, nevertheless was legitimately in the domain of experimental physiology.

"The publications of the English Society for Psychical Research were appearing at that time. Their observations were formulated with such precision that the unprejudiced mind could entertain no doubt regarding them. Among my friends at that time was one who was gifted with strong mediumistic powers—Gaston Fournier. In the *British Journal* I published a long article on the mysterious phenomena. This article was translated into German by A. von Schrenck-Notzing. I began corresponding with him and also with Frederic Myers. . . .

"So it was that each of us in his own country continued to study these phenomena formerly reserved to spiritualists—Schrenck-Notzing in Germany; E. Morselli in Italy, William James in America, Frederic Myers and Oliver Lodge in England. I deem it an honor to have been associated with these remarkable, warmhearted and most intelligent men."

## Scientific Base for Psychic Research

NOW let us turn to the part Richet played in the formation of the concept of the metapsychical science, then we shall

examine the fruits of his own experiments and finally his theoretical contributions—the hypotheses which he formed and which modern science has not entirely rejected.

It is to Richet that we owe the word *métapsychique*. He used the term for the first time in 1905 in his speech when inaugurated as president of the Society for Psychical Research in London. It has since been pointed out that Görres had proposed the term *metapsychology* several years earlier. This word was indubitably the ancestor of métapsychique or metapsychics. At any rate metapsychics was generally adopted with enthusiasm and has been until recently in common usage in the Latin countries.

Even though today metapsychics is by way of disappearing, let us note that Richet had the very great merit of proposing a name for the study of paranormal phenomena —a study which in his day seemed to be the prerogative of the spiritualistic sects. In addition to coining the word, Richet was among the first in France to formulate a clear concept of the new study.

Metapsychics, he says, is "a science which studies mechanical or psychological phenomena due to forces which seem intelligent or to unknown powers lying dormant in the human mind."

Metapyschics thus defined is divided by Richet into two main sections—objective and subjective. The phenomena belonging to the first category, he says, are "exterior, perceptible to our senses, mechanical, physical or chemical. They do not derive from forces now known and seem to have an intelligent character."

The subjective phenomena, on the other hand, are "exclusively intellectual. They seem to derive from a mysterious faculty of knowledge—cryptesthesia."

## Organization of Subject Matter

AMONG the objective phenomena are telekinesis, ectoplasms —whose name Richet also invented—and obsessions. Subjective phenomena mentioned by Richet are telepathy or, rather, apparent telepathy—in his view a special case of clairvoyance—and pure clairvoyance or cryptesthesia.

Richet observes that the objective phenomena are much less firmly established than the subjective ones—an observation as true, if not more true, in our day than in 1925. Also, he emphasized that "the two metapsychics may be completely separated."

The first includes extremely rare occurrences whose rigorous classification still remains to be made. The second treats on the other hand of phenomena of "an ex-

treme frequency," which are verified but whose conditions of appearance are as yet obscure.

This division into objective and subjective metapsychics, although perhaps *not* in keeping with the true nature of the phenomena, corresponds nevertheless quite closely to their ordinary manifestations.

Later it was proposed to replace objective and subjective by physical and intellectual, and more recently Thouless and Wiesner suggested Psi Kappa and Psi Gamma. These Greek letters have the advantage over the other terms of committing us less definitely. But the fundamental division of metapsychics into two classes has been preserved and it is to Richet that we owe the original idea of this division.

## Survival of Soul Not Recognized

RICHET never separated the problem of survival—the immortality of the soul and its life after death—from the problem of spiritualism—that is, the belief in material communication between the living and the dead.

Richet maintained that there is only one concept of the survival of the soul—the spiritualistic (spiritist) concept. Therefore we find in his writings some arguments against survival of the soul and others which apply solely to the spiritualistic (spiritistic) interpretation of metapsychical phenomena. The authors who replied to Richet's attacks were themselves spiritists and did not bring to the argument the distinctions which should have been made. The confusion was theirs, too.

Richet considered the spiritualistic hypothesis "surely premature and probably erroneous." And he proposes his first argument—the strongest, he thinks—against immortality, against the very existence of the soul.

The intelligence, he says, is a function of the brain. How can intellectual activity persist when the brain is no longer alive?

Likewise memory, the basis of our personality, is tied to the cerebral mechanisms. "Death," he says, "severs the network of nerves or memories which attached it to that center where the point which I feel to be all myself is located.

"For my part," Richet concludes, "I am too much the physiologist to admit readily that there are intelligence and memory without a brain irrigated every second by an abundance of oxygenated blood."

Do these arguments still deserve to be discussed? They express an oversimplified view of man quite in keeping with the pretentious scientific spirit of the nineteenth century. No contemporary scientist would dare resolve in such a naive fashion the eternal dilemma—materialism or spiritualism.

On the other hand, the arguments proposed by Richet against the spiritist-spiritualistic interpretation of metapsychical phenomena have not lost their value.

First, what credit should be given to the affirmations of mediums who invite us to recognize a strange personality "incarnate" in them? Richet replies: "The ease and frequency of false personifications make very problematical the reality of true personifications."

Moreover, he says "when these entities manifest themselves, they are guilty of such grave errors, reticences, puerilities and lapses that it is impossible to suppose that they are the spirits of the dead returning.

"Cryptesthesia," he goes on, "comes into play without its being at all necessary to suppose that there is a disembodied human entity speaking through the voice or writing by the hand of the medium."

Several adherents of the spiritualist doctrine tried to refute Richet's arguments. Dr. Gustave Geley who was in charge of the Institut Métapsychique, for one, declared it would be necessary to concede extraordinary powers to the subconscious mind for the metapsychical explanation to be satisfying.

Lodge and Bozzano engaged in lengthy polemics on the subject with Richet.

On the one hand Bozzano wrote: "Cryptesthesia considered as a working hypothesis, capable of explaining by an overall term the metapsychical manifestations of an intellectual order, is not scientifically justified and furthermore the postulate of a vague, general, universal lucidity is truly excessive." If, in accordance with Richet's thought, we replace cryptesthesia and lucidity by ESP or better still by Psi, Bozzano's statements seem to be contradicted by contemporary parapsychology.

On the other hand Bozzano supports his contention by citing supposed manifestations such as "transcendental music" whose existence contemporary observation has certainly not confirmed.

Before vouching for the authenticity of "disembodied spirits" Richet wants them "to give us sound proofs of their reality." He thus permits at the start that the argument be conducted on terrain of spiritualistic doctrine. He believes that "the idea of the spiritists is of a frightening anthropomorphism." But his elementary materialism which isn't as far as one might suppose from spiritist materialism —both doctrines are now out moded—leads him into the fundamental error of spiritism: he seeks the scientific, experimental solution of a metapsychical problem.

There is not until now, wrote Richet, "any strictly scientific rea

son for placing beside the human intelligence some outside intelligent force—that of an angel or a dead person."

Of course! but what naïveté to suppose that there can exist some day a "strictly scientific reason" for believing in—or proving—the immortality of the soul!

## Related Psychics to Physiology

HOWEVER, Richet's contribution was to remove French metapsychism from a spiritualistic atmosphere foreign to true science, and thus to found a scientific metapsychics. We owe him a great debt for this.

Richet declared that metapsychics was a legitimate chapter of physiology because paranormal phenomena are in fact physiological in nature. This view finally led him to propose the idea of a "sixth sense."

The desire to situate paranormal phenomena within the science of physiology was justified. Present-day researchers take a similar stand when they advocate a union between parapsychology and ordinary psychology—that is, psychophysiology. They are sometimes accused of ignoring the physiological aspect of Psi phenomena. Richet on the other hand might be said to ignore the inner aspect of these phenomena, for neither the psychological aspect nor the physiological aspect should be ignored.

The fact is that Richet wasn't interested in metapsychical phenomena except insofar as they were physiological in character. He treated them as such and forgot that the manifestations of telepathy, clairvoyance or telekinesis do not appear to the scientist under the same conditions as the reactions of an organism in which the purely human element could—according to nineteenth century ideas—be isolated.

## "No Longer Scientific!"

RICHET'S thorough knowledge of physiology was accompanied by a complete ignorance of psychology in general and especially of the psychology of observer and medium. He failed to see that the medium is not an organ or an organism and that the observer isn't a recording machine.

Two examples will suffice to show that Richet was not a psychologist.

When Dr. Achille Delmas, a renowned French psychiatrist, emphasized the affective factors which damaged the studies of William Crookes with Katie King because he fell in love with her, Richet remarked with amazing naïveté: "This is no longer a scientific discussion. It's a psychiatrist's notebook."

Richet did not see that the psychiatrist's diagnosis was of prime importance here—that it explains

what Crookes saw and how and why he saw it (and also what he didn't see and why and how he didn't see it!)

Likewise Richet repudiates the idea of any investigating committee. He relies on his own judgment alone and says he doesn't want a mountebank to aid in his research. Why, Richet asks, should I let a "clown" come into the lecture room when I would never admit him to my physiology laboratory?

Richet's incredible error consisted of maintaining that the medium is like a stomach, that her paranormal achievements are like the juices secreted by the stomach! The result is that Richet worked with mediums as he did with bodily organs on which he was experimenting.

His refusal to admit a "magician" to the Villa Carmen séances in Algiers simply exposed Richet to ridicule, and these grotesque episodes are still used today by the adversaries of metapsychics to attack Richet and all his works. This is obviously unfair. But I don't think anyone could be too severe about the queer goings on at the Villa Carmen where a great scientist—perhaps in love just as Crookes was with his medium—allowed himself to be duped by a coachman and a serving girl.

Of Richet's experimental work with the paranormal, nothing survives as far as phenomena reputed to be paranormal are concerned. The Villa Carmen was, as we have said, the scene of a painful farce. The curious thing is that Richet proclaimed, to the end of his days, that the phenomena he observed in Algiers were genuinely paranormal.

He wrote for example these amazingly candid and revelatory lines:

"One might suppose that Marthe (the medium) was an impudent girl and that General Noel for five years and Major Demadrille, Dr. Decréquy, Gabriel Delanne and myself for three months were perfect fools. I prefer to think that Areski (the coachman who admitted the fraud) lied."

Unfortunately Areski didn't lie and the fact that the Villa Carmen group were deceived has been firmly established.

The effect of the Algiers "materializations" on Richet was so powerful that after "seeing" and "touching" them he abandoned the subjectivist or hallucinatory interpretation of apparitions which he had championed at the time of the foundation of the *Annals of Psychical Sciences* and admitted the objective reality of phantoms.

Richet's first observations of physical paranormal phenomena took place in Milan in 1892 thanks to Aksakov. With Lombroso and others, Richet says he saw several cases of telekinesis, and in 1893-9

obtained some clay moldings whose source was inexplicable to him.

Later, on Ribaud Island, Richet invited Ochorowicz, Myers, Sidgwick and Lodge to study Eusapia Palladino. She succeeded among other marvels in making a table rise into the air on a sunny terrace without any apparent contact. Eusapia came later to Cambridge and was caught in a flagrant act of fraud by the investigating committee of the Society for Psychical Research. Faithful to a wise rule that they had adopted, the British investigators not only decided not to work with Eusapia any longer but also expressed serious doubts about the Ribaud Island experiments and Eusapia's earlier séances.

## Hypnotism at a Distance

IN subjective metapsychics, Richet's first experiments were performed on somnambulistic subjects—people easily hypnotized. He carried on the work of Pierre Janet and Gibert with Léonie in 1889-90. As Hoppe showed in his doctor's thesis, Richet's research falls far short of furnishing all desirable proofs. He himself didn't claim it was altogether conclusive.

However, several experiments among those cited by Richet, and especially his own, seem hard to reject without any further examination. Furthermore they coincide curiously with the claims of the old mesmerists. It seems in any case that this preliminary work points to a path which might be a blind alley but which could be interesting and useful to explore.

Certain observations concerning lucidity in the hypnotic state that Richet made parallel with the English experiments would doubtless be worth attempting again and interpreting in the light of our present knowledge.

Richet was especially interested in the problem of premonitions. He published several articles on this topic and devoted a long section of his *Treatise on Metapsychics* to it. But most of the phenomena he described—even the famous Sourel case—are inadequately documented and cannot be considered completely reliable.

Richet also studied Ossowiecki and Ludwig Kahn. But his contribution here is minor and he wrote no thoroughgoing article such as those published several years later by Dr. Eugene Osty.

But Richet carried out with "normal" and not gifted individuals several experiments in transmission of playing cards. The experiments were evaluated statistically but were not numerous enough for us to draw any definitive enlightenment from them. Nevertheless they were the ancestors of the quantitative tests.

Studying revolving tables, Richet showed that Chevreul's theory

based on the unconscious movements of the persons seated at the table was incomplete. He said persons not touching the table could influence by telepathy those who had their hands on it. Thus the thoughts of spectators apparently unconcerned with the phenomenon were found in the dictations of the table.

The problems of automatism also never ceased to interest Richet. Though he didn't include them in metapsychics we cannot forget that he studied the automatic dance, automatic writing and the automatism of Charles Hugo, the extraordinary medium of Jersey. He found in these the phenomena he had observed in somnambulists and discovered that states of dissociation and mental weakening were conducive to the manifestations of metapsychic phenomena.

Finally, Richet began in 1916 an investigation of the telepathic phenomena recorded by soldiers at the front.

## The Sixth Sense

RICHET's theoretical contribution consists, first, of his proposal to utilize the calculation of probabilities in metapsychical experimentation with regard to intellectual phenomena and, second, of his hypothesis of the sixth sense.

As to the first, we do not need to emphasize the importance of Richet's suggestion. Modern parapsychology is founded entirely on the use of statistical method and we know that the experiments at Duke University as well as those of the British investigators—Soal and Bateman especially—are based on the statistical evaluation of results. It has been proved that by proceeding in this manner paranormal ability can be measured not only in the exceptional form it assumes in some gifted subjects but as it is found in every human being. The proof of the existence of ESP is based on calculation of the probabilities, and Charles Richet was the first—in 1884—to see the use which metapsychics could make and has made of this method.

The theory of the sixth sense would deserve fairly detailed analysis.

Richet says: "Many persons in a very fleeting moment obtain some perception of reality through hallucinations or forceful dreams, whereas this reality cannot be revealed to them by their normal sensitivity and it would be absurd to suppose that coincidences occur haphazardly at all times and in all places. By experiments it is proved that certain rare individuals that we call sensitives can quite often know things that their normal senses have not taught them... Therefore . . . we must recognize the existence of a special sensitivity which reveals in a flash a fragment of reality."

This "special sensitivity" is the sixth sense which Richet cannot conceive of as belonging to an immaterial entity called the soul, but which he considers purely on the basis of the known senses.

This hypothesis of the sixth sense, Richet observes, would be necessary even if we accepted the spiritualistic doctrine for it must be admitted that certain persons called mediums possess a special sensitivity to the voices of the dead and this sensitivity may be considered the sixth sense.

As to telepathy, Richet continues —still from the viewpoint of the physiologist rather than the psychologist—telepathy also presupposes the sixth sense. "In order for B's brain," he says, "to be set in motion by the vibrations of A's brain, B must have a special sensitivity (sixth sense)."

Richet says finally: "We are surrounded by vibrations by which the outside world sets our intelligence in motion. Beyond these vibrations which strike our senses there are others not perceived by our senses but whose existence is revealed to us by our physical apparatus... Now it seems evident to me that we have not exhausted the list of the ambient vibrations. ..Why not admit that the intelligence of sensitives is set in motion by certain of these mysterious vibrations as yet unknown? I have said that metapsychics was the science of unknown vibrations and I am still convinced of this."

We only need to add to this clear exposition that by the expression sixth sense Richet means not only a special sensory equipment but also a closely related subconscious intellectual process.

## Preparation for Current Work

TO appreciate fully his hypothesis in relation to modern parapsychology we should distinguish between two questions confused by the author: (1) the sensory nature of ESP; (2) the problem of pure clairvoyance and of the reduction of all ESP experience to an act of clairvoyance.

Modern science has scarcely made any progress toward the solution of the question of the sensory nature of ESP, as Richet hoped it would. To the basic questions: what is the receiving organ? what is the transmitting organ? what are the waves that transmit the message? etc., no reply has been given. To affirm that ESP is of a sensory nature is still simply an act of faith just as it was in Richet's day.

The champions of pure telepathy and pure clairvoyance have vigorously defended their respective positions for the last few years. Both sides have conducted experiments which they hoped would settle the argument but this matter is still not clarified.

As to the underlying nature of paranormal phenomena, Richet professed a belief that most parapsychologists will consider fallacious and which I for my part consider especially dangerous. Richet considers that "an abrupt mutation of the sensitivity" takes place —"a modification of the esthesia so that certain individuals become capable of perceiving sensations and consequently of acquiring knowledge that other men are unable to perceive or acquire.... These are perhaps the first stages of a progressive human evolution."

Let us quote in conclusion an astonishing page in which the famous physiologist evokes the "metapsychical religion."

"I am trying," he said, "to prove that this unfamiliar aspect (of metapsychics) perhaps holds rich surprises for us. This new religion ...won't be preached by a Moses, a Christ, a Buddha, a Mohammed. It will have neither Messiah nor prophet but contrary to other religions its basis will be scientific. A new moral ideal will be the consequence and not the principle of this new science."

How evident it is that Richet was born in 1850 and didn't believe in God! His surprising statement shows that this materialist was in need of a religion. It is a pity that he believed he had found one in science—in an embryonic science still surrounded with an aura of mystery.

Perhaps it was this naive quality that made Richet an important pathfinder for modern parapsychology. His errors, his wonderful intuitions, his fine enthusiasms—all of these prepared the way for the patient labor of today's researchers.

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***Former headhunters in New Zealand are pacified and westernized but ancient psychic powers of primitive man have not left them***

# A CENTURY OF MAORI MAGIC

*WHAT is primitive magic? Is it the product of clever "witch-doctor fraud" imposed upon simple, superstitious people and gullible Western observers—or is it the genuine manifestation of paranormal powers?*

*These questions have often been asked by psychic researchers and others who seek meaningful solutions to the mystery of man. Many scientists have come to believe that certain primitive peoples are uniquely endowed with psychic powers, having witnessed spontaneous psychic phenomena such as possession, "crisis telepathy" and ritual healing magic. Among the primitive peoples who have practiced and experienced these psychic events, the Maori of New Zealand provide an outstanding example. A fierce, proud aboriginal race, whose former head-hunting practices gave them a leading reputation for savagery, the Maori fought vigorously against invading forces of western civilization. Much of their "psychic culture" may have been lost in that struggle, but the strong tradition of paranormal events seems to remain even today, after a century of domination by the European.*

*In the following pages,* TOMORROW *presents articles on the Maori and their magic by John Barwell and Mrs. Lyndon Rose. Barwell recreates the psychic occurrences of the Maori from reports that are over 100 years old, when Maori culture was still at its height. Mrs. Rose offers a contrasting report on the Maori magic of today, observed during her current field trip among these people, made with her husband Ronald Rose (author of* Living Magic.). *Together, these two reflect a culture that offers a clue to what Mrs. Rose terms "the psychological complexities of man in general."*

*Accounts of white men from New Zealand one hundred years ago reveal incredible feats mixed with disillusioning experiences*

# SHAMANISM AMONG THE MAORI

*John S. Barwell*

IN many parts of the world we find mediums who, while in rance, profess to visit supernatural ealms to "consult" ancestors or ods, or to become "possessed" by hem. Among the Maori of New ealand, a *tohunga* or priest so ossessed becomes a *whare atua* literally, "godhouse").

According to Maori beliefs, nese spirits may be summoned on ccasion by a tohunga. Such a spir--summoning was described by dward Shortland (1812-93) in is *Traditions and Superstitions of the lew Zealanders*, published in 1854. hortland, a Cambridge graduate, ent to New Zealand in 1841 as ecretary to the Governor. He later ecame Protector of the Aborigines.

A young chief named Tarapipipi offered one afternoon to take him to the house of an old woman, at whose bidding the *atua* (gods) of the tribe were in the habit of appearing, and prevail on her to invite their presence. He was eager to get Shortland's opinion of the atua after he had seen them and heard them speak. Shortland insisted on visiting her immediately, instead of waiting till the next morning, as had been suggested at first, for he feared "if we delayed the old lady might gain intelligence of our intention." Tuakaraina, a cousin of Tarapipipi, joined the expedition. They went through more than half a mile of bush to find the old woman in a long

low hut, attended by two slave girls, at work before a fire.

After presenting her with some tobacco they made their request. She refused, at first, because she had become a Christian and because the spirits, if summoned, "might become angry and do harm" to a *pakeha* (white person) skeptical of their existence. But after some persuasion she agreed to make the attempt.

For a while, all observed complete silence; but no strange sound was to be heard. . . . . Tuakaraina began to show symptons of impatience. Then he stretched himself at full length near the old woman, and with his face to the ground, he called on the atua.

## Lizard or Father?

BY this time the flames of the fire had gone out and but a dim light came from the embers. However, it was enough for Shortland to distinguish the persons in the hut. They all sat still except Tuakaraina, who, rolling himself on his belly, called on his gods with great energy.

This performance was suddenly interrupted by a sound like something heavy falling on the roof of the hut. It was followed by a rustling noise like a rat creeping along the thatch overhead.

The old woman covered her head and face in her blanket. She then bent herself nearly double her head resting on her knees Then, from the spot where they had heard the rustling noise, came words whistled rather than spoken in ordinary tones. At once, Tuakaraina and the others recognized the voice of Te Waharoa, Tarapipipi's father. The voice gave a brief message to the son which Shortland afterwards discovered to be a private matter, known only to the son and his wife. Tarapipipi interrupted wth the request that the atua should welcome the pakeha. The voice did so and the pakeha courteously "requested him to come into the hut, and permit me to have an opportunity to see him as well as hear him."

He replied that he was in the form of a lizard and feared his approach might cause some injury. Tuakaraina then urged him to show himself to punish the unbelieving pakeha. He even invited him to alight on the pakeha's back, adding "What matter if he is killed—it will be the fault of his obstinate disbelief!"

Waharoa still refused, but then changed the subject, observing "Now that you have given me the trouble of coming so far to visit you, surely you will make me a fine present—a cask of tobacco, or perhaps a coat." His son laughingly inquired, "What use is a coat to a spirit? How will you be able to put it on?"

Ignoring this question, Te Waaroa announced that, as he was about to depart, he would send them Whitiki, an atua of the Nga-Puhi (a neighboring friendly tribe).

"After a short pause of silent expectation," Shortland writes, "something was heard to fall plumb on the roof like a stone. There was then a rustling noise, as before, which traveled along the roof, and afterwards passed downwards, and along the thatched walls of the hut between the two doorways. The rustling again ascended to the roof, halting nearly over the old woman. Then I heard a whistling voice, differing from the last. It spoke in the dialect of the Nga-Puhi tribe."

"Why have you sent for me?" demanded the voice.

"Because of my great longing to see an atua."

"If I show myself to you," whistled the voice, "you will fear me: I am in the body of a spider."

Shortland assured him he had no fear, and spreading out his hand, requested the atua to rest on it.

"Sir," answered the atua sharply, "you are a silly pakeha. But I will not do as you request. If any injury befell you, the blame would rest on Tarapipipi."

To test the atua's powers, Shortland suggested that he had seen the pakeha before.

"Where?" he demanded.

"At the Bays of Islands," Shortland replied.

"To be sure," was the reply, "in a ship with three masts."

Shortland had only once been to the Bay of Islands and it was in a three-masted ship. He then suggested that the atua had probably seen him at Hokianga, and the "spirit" readily agreed. Asked the type of ship he was in, the atua replied that it was a two-masted one.

Shortland considered that a shrewd guess, for Hokianga was a port with a bar, and only small vessels ever ventured into it. He himself had never been there in his life. He was too polite to inform Whitiki he was in error.

Shortland adds that, having been the resting place of an atua, the hut and its contents became *tapu* (holy) and had to be deserted. This was rather unfortunate for the old lady, for she had temporarily stored there a number of baskets of potatoes, which could not now be eaten. This suggests that what deception there was, was not conscious and premeditated. Though he was convinced that the whistling voice of the atua was easily traceable to the old woman's mouth, he could not comprehend the origin of the rustling sounds along the thatch of the roof, announcing the arrival of the atua.

Tarapipipi, whom he conceived above deception, was hidden outside the hut when the performance was on, and would have seen anyone near.

### The Spirit Was a Rogue

DUBLIN-born Frederic E. Maning (1811-1883) arrived in New Zealand in 1844, became a Judge of the Native Land Court and, in 1863, published *Old New Zealand*.

In the book, he tells of having witnessed the following case. A native girl had eloped with the captain of a large ship, which had gone to sea loaded for a long voyage. The relatives urged the tohunga to persuade the atua to bring the ship back to port, so that they might recover the fugitive. The tohunga was noncommittal, but promised to consult the atua. At night all assembled in the house where he usually performed. Despite many broad hints that he would be more comfortable elsewhere, Maning rolled himself in his blanket and watched with the others. About midnight he heard the "spirit" salute the guests. They, in return, gravely greeted him as a relative. They then asked that he "drive back the ship which had stolen his cousin."

After a short time came the response in a hollow, mysterious whistling voice: "The ship's nose I will batter out on the great sea." Repeated questions brought th same response. The "spirit" the departed and would not be r called. The rest of the night wa spent in discussing the meanin of the words. The tohunga ac mitted he could not understand and said the spirit was a "grea rogue."

### "Can the Devil Speak Truth?

TEN days after this the shi returned. She had been ba tered with a vengeance. She ha run into a terrific gale two hun dred miles off land and had su fered a bad leak in her bow (whic the Maori called the ship's nose In real danger, she had run int the nearest harbor, which hap pened to be the one she left.

Maning adds that he actuall caught himself quoting, "Can th devil speak truth?"

A young Maori chief, a clos friend of Maning's, had been kille in battle, and his body not r covered. He was the first of h tribe to learn to read and writ and had kept a journal of trib events and vital statistics. Th book was lost and a thorough search by his friends was unsu cessful. At the request of the d ceased's nearest relatives the t hunga had agreed on a certa night to call up the chief's "spiri to speak to them. They all, a cordingly, met at the meetin house. Fires gave an uncerta

flickering light. The silence was broken by the sobbing of the female relatives of the deceased. This would be partly ritualistic for it is customary for all women to weep at a funeral; and a distinguished male mourner, though not related to the deceased, is expected to have a woman to weep in his stead as part of the official mourning.

They were all seated on the rush-strewn floor, about thirty of them. The fire burned low, leaving nothing but glowing charcoal.

"Suddenly," writes Maning, 'without the slightest warning, a voice came out of the darkness: Salutation! salutation to you, my tribe! Family, I salute you! Friends, I salute you! Friend, my pakeha friend, I salute you!' "

A cry of affection and despair came from the sister of the dead chief, a fine, stately, handsome woman of about twenty-five. She rushed, with both her arms extended, into the darkness, in the direction of the voice. Quickly her brother seized her round the waist and held her, until, moaning and fainting, she fell to the ground. At the same instant, "Is it you! is it you? Truly, is it you?" was uttered by a young girl, held by the wrists by two young men, her brothers. "Oh, they hold me, they restrain me; they watch me, but I shall go to you. The sun shall not rise, the sun shall not rise."

She fell insensible on the rush floor, and was carried out.

The rest of the women were weeping, excited and agitated. They were silenced by the men, equally excited, but more trained to restrain themselves. The "spirit" spoke again:

"Speak to me, tribe! Speak to me, family! Speak to me, pakeha!"

The pakeha, however, was not at the moment inclined for conversation. The brother inquired:

"How is it with you? Is it well with you in that country?"

The reply was: "It is well with me; I am in a good place."

The brother then inquired if he had seen several members of the tribe recently deceased, whom he named. He received an affirmative reply. So did a woman who inquired about her sister. The spirit then requested that his tame pig be given to the tohunga and his doublebarrelled gun.... Here the brother objected, claiming that the gun was a family possession, and he intended to keep it.

## Farewell, O Tribe!

THIS mercenary benefit to the tohunga made Maning feel "disenchanted at once." Maning then describes how he thought "to expose the imposture without showing any palpable unbelief."

"We cannot find your book, said Maning. "Where have you concealed it?"

"I concealed it between the ridge pole and the thatch of my house, straight above you as you enter the door," was the immediate answer. The brother rushed out. There was silence until his return. Five minutes later he returned with the book in his hand. Maning, feeling that he was beaten, made another effort.

"What have you written in that book?"

"A great many things."

"Tell me some of them."

"Which of them?"

"Any of them."

"You are seeking some information? What do you wish to know?" Then suddenly he exclaimed:

"Farewell, O tribe! Farewell, my family, I go!"

"Here," writes Maning, "a general and impressive cry of 'farewell' arose from everyone in the house. 'Farewell,' again cried the spirit, from deep beneath the ground. 'Farewell,' again, but this time from high in the air. 'Farewell,' once more came moaning through the distant darkness of the night. 'Farewell.' "

Maning felt momentarily stunned. "Was it due to ventriloquism, or perhaps the very devil himself?" he writes. It was past midnight. The company broke up. Maning, tired and confused, retired to a house where a bed had been prepared for him. He was half asleep when he heard the report of a musket, some short distance away. This was followed by the shouting of men and screaming of women.

He rushed out and went in the direction he saw others going—towards a bright flame springing up at a short distance. He was soon there. He found that a house had been set on fire. Before an other house close at hand, a dense circle of people had formed.

Pushing his way through, he saw, by the light of the flames, an old grey-bearded man. He knelt upon one knee, and on the other he supported the dead body of the young girl who had said she would follow the spirit to the spirit-land.

The delicate-looking body from the waist upwards was bare and bloody; the old man's right arm was under her neck, the lower part of his long grey beard was dabbed with blood, his left hand was twisting his matted hair; he did not weep, he howled, a howl of despair.

The girl had secretly procured a loaded musket, tied a loop from her foot to the trigger, placed the muzzle to her breasts, and blown herself to shatters.

The old man was her father and himself a tohunga. Maning heard a calm low voice close to him: "She has followed her master." He looked round and saw the tohunga who had called forth the spirit earlier that night.

*Although the shaman is outlawed and only the elders remember the ancient lore, magical and psychic experiences are common*

# MODERN MAORI MAGIC

*Lyndon Rose*

DIFFERENT social environments result in different religious attitudes. Certain patterns of attitudes develop and the psychologist interests himself in them so he can learn from them. So the Maori people are of interest to researchers in this field.

These original people of New Zealand are a vigorous branch of the Polynesian race and speak a language closely related to that of the Hawaiians. They have full equality politically, socially and economically with European New Zealanders. And many of them have taken respected places in the professional life of that country.

Today, in one or two remote areas of New Zealand, the Maori still organizes his life somewhat as his ancestors did, along tribal lines. The chiefs still have some power and are often wealthy landowners. As a direct result of the fierce fighting undertaken by their ancestors against the British, they received favorable terms under a peace treaty with Queen Victoria in the mid-nineteenth century.

Maori households are based on the clan rather than the family, and the old people do not encourage European influence except in the form of the more comfortable European-type houses and modern farm equipment.

I was fortunate to visit such a group and work among them with my husband. These Maori live

in a small rural community and there are several groups with lineally-descended chiefs who are still respected. Because the ancient schools of Maori lore exist no longer, the older people are usually looked toward for guidance. Advice is given by them on all sorts of matters because of their prestige and place in the community. This may be on the selling of Maori-owned land, or on religious matters among groups that still follow ancient Maori belief and are not yet Christianized.

## A Cure for Backache

SO, one cold winter's afternoon in the Urewera country of New Zealand's Bay of Plenty province we went to visit an old chief. Politely, we had left our shoes at the door when we entered the house. Our feet were freezing. Tamarau, a Maori of 79, sat in his accustomed chair opposite and asked:

"Where's Tatai? Before we talk we get her." Tamarau knew little English. So we usually asked his granddaughter Tatai to accompany us when we visited him, to translate for us.

But that afternoon Tatai had been too sick to come. We told the old man this and he did not comment. Inexpertly, his much younger wife filled in as translator. We left early and returned to our own cottage. Tatai, our house-girl, still sat before the fire and complained of her aching back.

"Did you tell my grandfather I am ill?"

"Yes, Tatai. How do you feel now?"

"The pain in my back is the same and I can't walk about."

Tatai had neither the temperature nor the loss of appetite that usually accompany organic disturbances. Only the pain in her back. After tea, her mother arrived and asked to see her. We left them to discuss her illness.

"Have you got a silver threepence, please?" Tatai asked, reappearing in the lounge.

The threepence was produced and Tatai went off again. Later when her mother left, she re-joined us in front of the fire. She hobbled in, still complaining of her back.

"But it will be better soon. My grandfather is going to say a *karakia* (chant) for me. And my mother rubbed the silver threepence over me. When my grandfather says the *karakia* the pain will go. Then he will throw the threepence into the river and get rid of the *tapu* (taboo)."

"When is he going to say the *karakia*, Tatai?"

"Tonight or tomorrow. I will know when I get better."

At precisely eight o'clock, Tatai straightened up and stretched herself.

"I'm better now," she said. "My grandfather has said that *karakia*."

How can a psychologist view such a story? Tatai could read and speak English well. She had reached high school standard in her education. Yet her illness was obviously not organic in origin.

Further questioning showed that she had recently slept in a house where her brother had died two years before.

"The house belongs to Christians," she explained, "so the *tapu* on it has not been lifted. I had forgotten this. In our Maori belief, a house has to be cleansed after a death occurs in it."

"How is that done, Tatai?"

"By prayers. By *karakias*. The *tohungas* (priests) say them."

"But there are no real *tohungas* in New Zealand now, Tatai. The old Maori schools of learning are finished."

"Some of their knowledge and their healing power still remains with certain of the old people. Like my grandfather, for instance."

"So he acts as *tohunga* in raising the *tapu*?"

"Yes. He knows some of the chants."

Obviously, Tatai's story was dependent on her cultural environment. Maori belief is that the place where anyone has died is automatically unclean and this *tapu* has to be lifted by an appropriate ceremony. This had not been done so Tatai, becoming aware of this, punished herself for breaking this *tapu* by assuming a backache that was very real to her.

This illness would not be cured by medicines or hospitalization. It needed an appropriate ceremony—that performed by Tamarau. This belief in *tapu* is the inheritance of a people still in a transitory culture. Such an illness is not a paranormal experience. We would call it the manifestation of a guilt complex. This is recognized by these people, too, and such illness is called "Maori sickness." This is to differentiate it from true physical illness.

## Tribal Dreams Interpreted

THE actual symbolism experienced in both pseudo-psychical and psychical illnesses or experiences differ according to the culture. Freud did not fully appreciate this. Nevertheless, his principles still hold good and interpretations of such phenomena along Freudian lines are interesting.

For instance, Tamarau considers it unlucky to dream of eels. Eels amount to his family god. When he sees them, either in reality or in dreams, he knows he is being warned of something.

Last winter (1956) he had pleurisy. Because of his age his family was very concerned and anticipated his death. However,

Tamarau dreamed of meeting two eels in a river. One of them he killed. The second eel spoke to him. It begged for its life. This Tamarau granted. Then, on looking across the river, he saw two very dear friends who had died. Then he knew that the dead eel represented his two departed friends.

On waking, he interpreted his dream to mean that if he had crossed the river he would have died and joined his two friends. As he had not, he would live a little longer.

Psychologically, we can consider that this belief would help lead to a state of mind in which the improvement and eventual cure of his condition was at an optimum.

However, *tohungas* are not only concerned with such pseudo-psychical experiences. They are also frequently concerned with the truly paranormal.

Strictly, the term *tohunga* means a specialist. Formerly, there were different classes of these specialists—canoe-makers, tattooing artists, seers and others. *Tohungas* of the highest order were the conservers of tribal lore. They taught this lore orally to succeeding generations. *Tohungas* of this class no longer exist. Nor do any of the traditional schools of learning. We know of the historians, record-keepers and astrologers of the Maoris only from Europeans who wrote of them fifty to one hundred years ago.

Yet one form of *tohungaism* does still exist. One of the duties of the the old people practicing as *tohungas* has already been described. Another aspect deals with the truly paranormal. My husband and I have collected many stories of spontaneous extra-sensory experiences amongst the Maori folk. In fact, every person asked about this in the Urewera country had either an experience of his own to relate to us or was involved in one.

Such a story is the one Waaka told us.

As a young man he had slept in a disused Maori fort. During the night he felt someone get into bed with him. Turning over, he saw it was his brother whom he had believed to be in a village a hundred miles away. Thinking the brother had come to visit him he went off to sleep again. In the morning, his brother was not there. He asked several companions if they had seen him. Each denied having seen his brother come in during the night. This disturbed Waaka, because he was convinced he had seen his brother.

Later, he went off as usual to work on the farm of a white man. During the morning the manager came down and told him a telegram had arrived announcing his

brother's death. This had occurred in his home town about one hundred miles away, during the night.

## Key to Mankind

NOW what sort of interpretation can we give this story? Most likely Waaka became aware of his brother's death telepathically. Such a story follows a well known pattern of telepathic experience, and we may consider it an individual case where information has ostensibly been gained through extra-sensory means. (Most outstanding stories of an apparent telepathic experience deal with the death of some loved relative and so are called "crisis cases.")

However, it seems that the information is obtained at a subconscious level. The belief that Waaka's brother had visited Waaka during the night was merely a way of bringing this information to his consciousness.

In the old days, a Maori *tohunga* would have been consulted to interpret such a dream. Possibly, a correct interpretation would have been given before sensory communication made it apparent. Undoubtedly correct interpretation of such dreams or experiences was one of the concerns of *tohungas* and still is.

Most Maoris of the Urewera country have had such an experience and past experiences of this sort have led to a firm belief in extra-sensory perception. As Europeanization proceeds, this belief is lessening. On the other hand, the frequency of such experiences is not necessarily disappearing. But while the psychological mechanism resorts to symbolism as a means of bringing these perceptions to the conscious, they will continue to be misunderstood on occasion. Thus, the symbolism in dreams is of interest, not only to the person experiencing the dream but to the psychologist as well.

When considering such phychical and pseudo-psychical experiences, we must not believe them unique to any special culture. Man expresses himself in a diversified manner. His manner of gaining information is also diversified. And while such experiences are part of man as a whole, they are colored by his individual cultural environment. This is appropriate.

By appreciating this, we are nearer to understanding the differences that go to make up societies. We are also nearer to understanding the psychological complexities of man in general.

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*An antidote to materialistic struggles and a new case history of multiple personality are reviewed on the following pages*

# THE MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE

*A Book Review by*

*Eileen J. Garrett*

*MYSTICISM, SACRED AND PROFANE: An Inquiry Into Some Varities of Praeternatural Experience. By R. C. Zaehner. New York-London: Oxford University Press; The Clarendon Press. 1957. 256 pp. $6.75.*

IT may seem odd to ask serious people to concern themselves with problems of mysticism at a time when the whole world appears to be in revolt—when the larger nations are straining every resource in the pursuit of what is termed defense, and yet might be described as preparation for a colossal war. While nations strive to outdo each other, the surviving cultures of the past, historical and traditional, are being submerged. Men tend to substitute economic needs and put them in the realm of values which spring from social, economic and political trends, to harass those who still have time for contemplation.

As a change from this scene, I would recommend *Mysticism, Sacred and Profane*, by Prof. R. C. Zaehner, Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics at the University of Oxford and Fellow of All Souls College. Prof. Zaehner, whose earlier books include *The Teachings of the Magi* (1955), presents an inquiry and analysis into some varieties and theories of mystical

knowledge—knowledge which is attainable through intuition, insight, or illumination in a way that differs from ordinary sense perception.

The book covers a wide range of theories, as the author describes perceptions produced by drugs on the one hand, as well as those states of ecstasy described by Christian, Hindu and Moslem devotees. The author is frank to confess that his present book owes its genesis to *The Doors of Perception*, a book written by Aldous Huxley, which deals with Mr. Huxley's own experiences and feelings under the influence of the drug mescalin. (A condensation of this volume appeared in TOMORROW, Spring 1955.)

The author makes no claim to more than a preliminary investigation into what he believes to be a fairly typical cross-sectio of mystical experiences selecte from European and Asian writings he places particular emphasis o the mystical experiences of Richar Jeffries, Proust and Rimbaud. Th mystical and traditional system of India are also considered, a well as some recent mescalin ex periments including one of th author's own.

The book, as it stands, is valuable examination, since distinguishes the various schoo of mystical experience, and mak careful use of Jungian philosoph in its analysis. However, one miss the author's complete participatio While the theories of mystica knowledge are clearly set fort one feels that the author has r moved himself emotionally fro the theme which he seeks clarify.

# THREE WOMEN; ONE BOD

## *A Book Review by Nandor Fodor*

*THE THREE FACES OF EVE: By Corbett H. Thigpen, M.D., and Hervey M. Cleckley, M.D. 309 pages. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 1957. $4.50.*

Described as the "most delightful treat in the psycho-pathological literature of the mid-twentieth century" by J. McV. Hunt, form president of the American Ps chological Association, *The Th Faces of Eve* by psychiatrists Thi pen and Cleckley lives up to th praise and more. It is the fascinati story of a woman with three pe sonalities: the normal Eve Whit Eve Black, an almost total opp

site; and Jane, a complementary manifestation. It is Jane, finally, who turns out to be the original personality, lost after the age of five under the impact of terrible shocks, and reappearing—enriched by the absorption of the other two personalities—after some fortunate mnemonic incidents in which the psychiatrists played only an observing role.

The accidental climax in no way detracts from the splendid and heroic work the psychiatrists had done. They battled against the unknown, facing their task with courage and scientific humility. Without the wise and sympathetic treatment accorded to all three personalities, they could not have won their cooperation, and Eve White would have ended her life in a mental institution.

The case is strikingly similar to the story of Miss Beauchamps told by Dr. Morton Prince in his *Dissociation of a Personality* in 1906. But whereas Sally, one of Miss Beauchamps' four personalities, claimed to be a spirit and bitterly resisted being "squeezed out" by hypnotic suggestion—the means Dr. Prince used for welding the four personalities—no such claim is associated with the present case. It is an open question, however, whether the involvement of a spiritualistically-oriented investigator might not have given a similar coloring to Eve Black or Jane.

In the famous case of Doris Fischer, this coloring appeared when—belatedly—Prof. J. J. Hyslop came on the scene, after Dr. Walter Franklin Prince had already effected the integration of her five personalities. Taking Doris Fischer to Mrs. Chenoweth, the medium, for several seances, Prof. Hyslop claimed to have discovered that Margaret, one of the five personalities, was an obsessing entity. Eve Black would have been suited ideally for the same role and there can be little doubt that she would have eagerly seized on the suggestion had it been put forward.

## Spiritualism Not Suggested

RIGHT or wrong, the case of Eve White offers opportunities for fascinating reflections on mediumistic development. In spite of an old warning by Dr. Bernheim, the nineteenth century French researcher in hypnotism, (which the authors quote: "When a physician employs hypnosis with a patient, it is wise always to be aware of who may be hypnotizing whom"), the psychiatrists of Eve White narrowly escaped a trap of their own making. They agreed to exhibit the three personalities (with their consent) before the Dugas Journal Club (a group of approximately forty physicians, psychologists, physiologists, etc., from the faculty of the Medical College of Georgia). Then, after all three personalities success-

fully stood their ground, Doctors Thigpen and Cleckley wanted to present them before the much larger group of the American Psychiatric Association at a meeting in Los Angeles. Luckily, the program committee refused the offer, and thus the march to notoriety was cut short before public interest pressured a development parallel with mediumistic controls.

For people who have experience with the beginnings of mediumship, the impression is very strong on reading about this case that had it dawned on any of the multiple personalities that they could be spirits from the vasty deep, Eve White could have stabilized her dissociated life—as a medium with a public service to perform. This is not a suggestion that mediumship is rooted in a rudimentary form of multiple personality. It is only an attempt to point out that functionally many mediums belong to the same class, because the aim of the so-called developing circle is the creation of an autonomous personality that—co-existent with the normal self—would act, in a state of trance, as a clearing house between the mundane and the supersensory worlds.

Both Eve Black and Jane were virginal at their emergence. They had no idea who they were or from where they came. They did not understand themselves. They just *were*. Eve Black had access to all of Eve White's memories and feelings, but was unaware of Jane. Jane had access to Eve White's thoughts and feelings, but not to her memories. She knew all about Eve Black, but could not be called out when Eve Black was present. Nor was Eve Black ever able to displace Jane. The comings and goings of these personalities is the most challenging aspect of the mystery of human identity. Had these enigmatic entities been guided to discover paranormal faculties in their mental functions, they would have made excellent spirit guides: Eve Black a malicious and frivolous one, Jane a wise counselor and sincere friend. But it is a moot question whether Eve White would have profited as much from this kind of stabilization of her psychic household as she did from the eventual welding of the three personalities into a healthier and more mature Jane, finally called Evelyn White.

## A Case of "Twins"

THE psychiatrists in charge of the case had plenty of problems to face without such complications. Proud of the success of their work, they indulge in the slight persiflage of a deeply Freudian and Jungian interpretation of Eve White's basic horror dream. They also take a thrust at the author of this review, summing up his claim of organismic bi-sexuality

submitted in *The Search for the Beloved*, (Hermitage Press, New York, 1949) as a "bodiless, immaterial self or double of the opposite sex, a sort of immaterial twin which, we are told, all people possess. Though without anatomical habitat, this interesting twin is said to be quite active and to exert a remarkable influence on her biologically real brother all his life. According to the investigator, the double has a dream life of her own that can be dynamically interpreted."

As so often happens, by the wording of their own interpretation, the psychiatrists have unconsciously supplied a clue to the dissociation of Eve White. While in the end it was satisfactorily proven that the main disintegrating shock was due to the gruesome circumstances surrounding her grandmother's death, it was clear to the "twin psychiatrists" from the beginning that the birth of twin children a few months after the grandmother's death had played a very significant part in Eve White's psychic traumatization. The first unsuspected emergence of Eve Black dates from this period. If sibling rivalry can work havoc in the life of an only child, the desire to compete with newly-born twins *by becoming a twin herself* is a reasonable motivation for the final splitting of a personality that had already been weakened by previous shocks.

Eve began to walk in her sleep a few months after the twins were born, and Eve Black took responsibility for several cruel deeds to the twins for which Eve White was punished by her parents. The idea that the splits of the Eve White personality represented twins had not occurred to the investigators even after, at the Dugas Journal Club, one of the doctors worded it in a question to Eve Black: "You are, in a sense, twins, aren't you?" Whereupon Eve Black snapped the answer: "But not identical twins." The witty reply clearly submitted a most curious genetic aspect of this case of multiple personality, but the investigators failed to take it into account.

Of course, as far as Eve White's ambition to regain her parents' love was concerned, the fantasy of becoming twins failed of necessity, as all neurotic solutions are apt to fail, but so far as our psychiatrists were concerned this motivation should have stood out like a sore thumb. When the sudden and unexpected appearance of Jane began the process of absorbing the determinants of the split into a whole, they stood by fascinated and awestruck, but still ignorant of the role of this original motive.

The book is written in novelistic style, making literature out of psycho-pathology. No psychiatric education is needed for its full enjoyment. No one should miss it.

*An anthology from the pages of TOMORROW and a philosophical examination of man's soul are the subjects of these reviews*

# BEYOND THE FIVE SENSES

*A Book Review by*
*Eric J. Dingwal*

*BEYOND THE FIVE SENSES. Edited and with an introduction by Eileen J. Garrett, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1957. 398 pp. $4.95.*

IT is often asked why people are interested in parapsychology and how it is that they can waste their time on what is thought to be mainly nonsense and outmoded superstition. If they want a reply to these questions, here it is. I know of no other book which, within moderate limits, must excite the attention of anybody who is anxious to know what parapsychologists are doing and why they continue to do it. For here, in under four hundred pages, are all the answers.

Here are stories of ghosts doubles and poltergeists; problem of hypnotism, precognition and in telligence in animals; magic amon peoples as far removed as is Jamai ca from Australia; philosophica speculation and psychological rid dles. Selected as they are from th quarterly review TOMORROW, eac article is intended to arouse atter tion and illustrate how wide is th field of parapsychology and ho rich the harvest, were there enoug willing workers to gather it in.

The whole compilation has bee skilfully edited by Mrs. Eileen Garrett, President of the Para psychology Foundation, and h introduction is one of the be things in the book. In a few pag

she sums up the history of her subject and shows herself keenly alive to facts which are too often glossed over and covered up in order to prevent the public from becoming too fully acquainted with the long history of medical and "scientific" error and superstition. As she says, the frontiers of knowledge are constantly being pushed forward and "in this immense, complex and still mysterious universe, the challenge of the frontier will always remain. Minds which do not respond to the challenge cannot be described as more than half alive."

WHAT is so admirable in Mrs. Garrett's introduction is the general suavity of her treatment. She knows full well that there are different ways through which parapsychology must be approached. Some people prefer the uncanny ghost story: others the severe discipline of controlled experiment.

Thus, in her selection of papers, she has included something for everybody. Father Gebhard Frei tells the story of the vision of Pius XII; Prof. C. J. Ducasse has a thoughtful paper on knowing the future; Albert Schweitzer describes magical ceremonies in the African Gaboon, while Gabriel Marcel points out the importance of philosophical reflection when framing hypotheses.

Here are papers which cover nearly all the studies on which parapsychologists are engaged. Each illustrates just a corner of the vast field. If the reader finds nothing here to interest or excite him, he must indeed be, as the editor has put it, only half alive. I cannot think that there will be many such unfortunate persons. If there are, they must certainly be pitied.

# VEHICLE OF THE SOUL

## *A Book Review by C. J. Ducasse*

*OCHEMA. By Dr. J. J. Poortman. Assen, The Netherlands: Van Gorcum & Co. 1954. 179 pages.*

THE title *Ochema*, which is the Greek word for *vehicle*, refers in this book to the material vehicle or vehicles of the immaterial soul or spirit of man. The author mentions three main views of man's constitution: that of radical materialism, according to which man, as well as everything else, is wholly material; that of radical idealism, according to which nothing exists other than spirits or souls and their ideas; and the dualistic conception, typically represented by

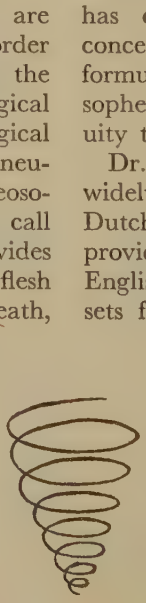
Descartes, according to which both matter (whose essence is to be extended) and spirit (whose essence is to think) exist and, in man, interact.

The Greek word for *matter* is *hylē*, and the author terms *hylic pluralism* the conception of man's make-up, to the exposition of which his book is chiefly devoted. According to it, the spirit of man has not just one vehicle—the body of flesh—but at least three others. Each is material, but the matter of which each is made is different from that of the others, and different from and more subtle than the matter known to physicists. Each more subtle vehicle interpenetrates all the less subtle ones.

The three subtle vehicles are termed by the author, in order of the respective subtlety of the matter of each, the "physiological pneuma," the "psychological pneuma," and the "sublime pneuma." The first is what Theosophists and Anthroposophists call the "etheric body." It provides the "vitality" of the body of flesh and can survive the latter's death, but only for a short time. The "psychological pneuma" is the so-called "astral body" mentioned by occultists, and is the vehicle employed by the soul in it *post mortem* life. This vehicle too may eventually die. But the "sublime pneuma," which is the most subtle of the three material but non-physical vehicles, cannot, like the others, be discarded, and is of intrinsically high quality; whereas the "psychological pneuma" may, in quality, be bad, good, or neutral.

The author points out that, under a wide variety of names for the several vehicles of the spirit, a "hylic pluralism" more or less similar to that which he describes has characterized many of the conceptions of man's constitution formulated by theologians, philosophers, or occultists from antiquity to the present.

Dr. Poortman's interesting and widely documented book is in Dutch; but he has thoughtfully provided at the end an adequate English synopsis which clearly sets forth all the essential points.



Upton Sinclair

# Mental Radio

A condensation of the book on telepathy by a world-famous writer—based upon personal experiments with his wife, Mary Craig Sinclair.

*Copyright, 1930, by*
UPTON SINCLAIR

*IN 1930, Upton Sinclair published* Mental Radio, *the story of the experiments in telepathy carried out by his wife, Mary Craig Sinclair. Until the publication of this book, Mr. Sinclair was widely known in the United States and the world for his writing, all of which concerned social conditions that he sought to bring to public attention. His first novel,* The Jungle, *about the Chicago stockyards, aroused great public indignation, led to investigations, and contributed to improvement in the pure foods field. Other novels and social studies followed, each of them an examination of the social conscience of this country, and each of them contributing in some degree to reform. By 1930, his reputation as a courageous, honest pamphleteer was well established.*

*Mr. Sinclair chose to risk this reputation with* Mental Radio. *As he himself said at the time of the book's publication, "If you are one of my old-time readers you are a little shocked to find me taking up a new and unexpected line of activity. You have come, after thirty years, to the position where you allow me to be one kind of 'crank,' but you won't stand for two kinds!" Professor William McDougall of Duke University, commented in his introduction to* Mental Radio: *"He has with characteristic courage entered a new field, one in which reputations are more easily lost than made, the field of psychic research."*

*Against the advice of many of his friends, both literary and political, Mr. Sinclair, himself convinced by his wife's experiences, was once again determined to try to convince others of the truth he saw: in this case, the actuality of telepathy. The fact that thirteen years later Mr. Sinclair won a Pulitzer Prize for his novel* Dragon's Teeth *is testament enough that he did not lose his reputation. Meanwhile, with* Mental Radio, *he had contributed substantially to knowledge in the field of telepathy.*

*In his introduction to the book, Professor McDougall had this to say:*

*"The degree of success and the conditions of experiments were such that we can reject them as conclusive evidence of some mode of communication not at pres-*

*ent explicable in accepted scientific terms only by assuming that Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair either are grossly stupid, incompetent and careless persons or have entered upon a conspiracy to deceive the public in a most heartless and reprehensible fashion. I have unfortunately no intimate personal knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair; but I am acquainted with some of Mr. Sinclair's earlier publications; and that acquaintance suffices to convince me, as it should convince any impartial reader, that he is an able and sincere man with a strong sense of right and wrong and of individual responsibility. His record and his writings should secure a wide and respectful hearing for what he has to tell us in the following pages."*

*IN bringing the readers of* TOMORROW *a condensation of* Mental Radio, *the editors have attempted to give the substance of Craig Sinclair's experiments in "receiving" thoughts sent by others, usually using the method of mentally-transmitted pencil sketches. Included as well is Mrs. Sinclair's description of how she achieves the mental state most conducive to successful telepathy, which should be of great interest to those who wish to experiment themselves.*

*It has been necessary to concentrate on these sections of the book for reasons of space, omitting the account of Craig Sinclair's introduction to disciplined mental effort through the teaching of a young "professional" psychic; her experiments with clairvoyance and "book tests"; and Mr. Sinclair's comments on the psychological significance of some of the drawings and their reception as related to his wife's childhood. Again for reasons of space, it has been possible to include only a few of the scores of drawings which illustrate Mr. Sinclair's book. But the drawings used in* TOMORROW, *the editors believe, give a balanced picture of the success or failure of the experiments. This condensation is a fair "taste" of* Mental Radio. *But readers who find their appetites have been whetted are urged to read the book in its entirety.*

FOR thirty years the subject of telepathy has been among the things I hoped to know about; and, as it happened, fate sent me a wife who became interested, and who not merely investigated telepathy, but learned to practice it. For three years I watched this work, day by day and night by night, in our home. So at last I can say that I am no longer guessing. I am going to tell you about it, and hope to convince you; but regardless of what anybody can say, there will never again be a doubt about it in my mind. I *know!*

CAN one human mind communicate with another human mind, except by the sense channels ordinarily known and used—seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and touching? Can a thought or image in one mind be sent directly to another mind and there be reproduced and recognized? If this can be done, how is it done? Is it some kind of vibration, going out from the brain, like radio broadcasting? Or is it some contact with a deeper level of mind, as bubbles on a stream have contact with the water of the stream? And if this power exists, can it be developed and used? Is it something that manifests itself now and then, like a lightning flash, over which we have no control? Or can we make the energy and store it, and use it regularly, as we have learned to do with the lightning which Franklin brought from the clouds?

These are the questions; and the answers, as well as I can summarize them, are as follows: Telepathy is real; it does happen. Whatever may be the nature of the force, it has nothing to do with distance, for it works exactly as well over forty miles as over thirty feet. And while it may be spontaneous and may depend upon a special endowment, it can be cultivated and used deliberately, as any other object of study, in physics and chemistry. The essential in this training is an art of mental concentration and autosuggestion, which can be learned. I am going to tell you not merely what you can do, but how you can do it, so that if you have patience and real interest, you can make your own contribution to knowledge.

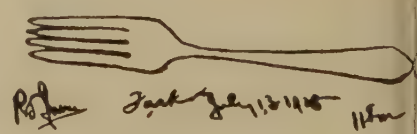


*fig. 1*

Here is a drawing of a table-fork. It was done with a lead-pencil on a sheet of ruled paper, which has been photographed, and then reproduced in the ordinary way. You note that it bears a signature and a date (fig. 1).

This drawing was produced by my brother-in-law, Robert L. Irwin, a young businessman, under the following circumstances. He was sitting in a room in his home in Pasadena at a specified hour, eleven-thirty in the morning of July 13, 1928, having agreed to make a drawing of any object he might select, at random, and then to sit gazing at it, concentrating his entire attention upon it for a period of from fifteen to twenty minutes.

At the same agreed hour, eleven-thirty in the morning of July 13, 1928, my wife was lying on the couch in her study, in our home in Long Beach forty miles away by the road. She was in semi-darkness, with her eyes closed; employing a system of mental concentration which she has been practicing off and on for several years, and mentally suggesting to her subconscious mind to bring her whatever was in the mind of her brother-in-law. Having become satisfied that the image which came to her mind was the correct one—because it persisted, and came back again and again—she sat up and took pencil and paper and wrote the date, "July 13, 1928," and six words: "See a table fork. Nothing else."

A day or two later we drove to Pasadena, and then in the presence of Bob and his wife, the drawing and writing were produced and compared. I have in my possession affidavits from Bob, his wife, and my wife, to the effect that the drawing and writing were produced in this way.

*fig. 2*

*fig. 2a*

The next drawings were produced in the following manner. The one at the top (fig. 2) was drawn by me alone in my study, and was one of nine, all made at the same time, and with no restriction upon what I should draw—anything that came into my head. Having made the nine drawings, I wrapped each one in a separate sheet of green paper, to make it

absolutely invisible, and put each one in a plain envelope and sealed it, and then took the nine sealed envelopes and laid them on the table by my wife's couch. My wife then took one of them and placed it over her solar plexus, and lay in her state of concentration, while I sat watching her, at her insistence, in order to make the evidence more convincing. Having received what she considered a convincing telepathic "message," or image of the contents of the envelope, she sat up and made her sketch (fig. 2a) on a pad of paper.

The essence of our procedure is this: that never did she see my drawing until hers was completed and her descriptive words written; that I spoke no word and made no comment until after this was done; and that the drawings presented here are in every case exactly what I drew, and the corresponding drawing is exactly what my wife drew, with no change or addition whatsoever. In the case of this particular pair, my wife wrote: "Inside of rock well with vines climbing on outside." Such was her guess as to the drawing, which I had meant for a bird's nest surrounded by leaves; but you see that the two drawings are for practical purposes identical.

Many tests have been made, by each of the different methods above outlined: I make a set of drawings, and my wife takes them one by one and attempts to reproduce them without having seen them. Here are a few samples, chosen at random because of their picturesque character. If my wife wrote anything on the drawing, I add it as "comment;" and you are to understand here, and for the rest of this book, that "comment" means the exact words which she wrote *before* she saw my drawing. Often there will be parts of this "comment" visible in the photograph. I will give it all in print. Note that drawings 1, 2, 3, etc., are mine, while 1a, 2a, 3a, etc., are my wife's.

*fig. 3*

*fig. 3a*

In the case of my drawing numbered 3, my wife's comment was: "Knight's helmet."

*figure 4*

On figure 4, the comment was: "Desert scene, camel, ostrich, then below"—and the drawing in figure 4a. On the reverse side of the page is further comment: "This came in fragments, as if I saw it being drawn by invisible pencil."

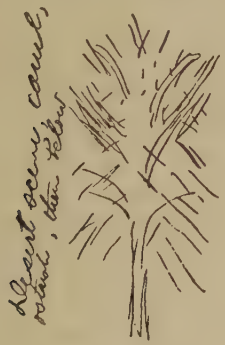


*fig. 4a*

And here are two pairs with no comment, and none needed (figs. 5, 5a, 6, 6a).

These are samples of our successes. Altogether, of such drawings, 38 were prepared by my secretary, while I made 252, a total of 290. I have classified the drawings to the best of my ability into three groups: successes, partial successes, and failures. The partial successes are those drawings which contain some easily recognized element of the original drawing.

In the 290 drawings, the total of successes is 65, which is roughly 23 per cent. The total of partial successes is 155, which is 53 per cent.

*fig. 5*

*fig. 5a*

*fig. 6*

*fig. 6a*

The total failures is 70, which is 24 per cent. I asked some mathematician friends to work out the probabilities on the above results, but I found that the problem was too complicated. Who could estimate how many possible objects there were, which might come into my head to be drawn?

It is a matter to be judged by common sense. It seems to me any one must agree that the chances of the drawings so far shown having been reproduced by accident is too great to be worth considering. A million years would not be enough for such a set of coincidences.

## A PSYCHIC WIFE

MUCH of the evidence which I am using rests upon the good faith of Mary Craig Sinclair; so, before we go further, I ask your permission to introduce her. She is a daughter of the far South; her father a retired planter, bank president and judge, of Mississippi. The fates endowed his oldest child with the blessings of beauty, health, wealth and wisdom—and then spoiled it, by adding a curse in the shape of a too tender heart. The griefs of other people overwhelm Craig like a suffocation. Strangers take one glance at her, and instantly decide that here is one who will "understand." I have seen her go into a store to buy a piece of ribbon, and come out with tears in her eyes, because of a tragic story which some clerk was moved to pour out to her, all in a moment, without provocation. She has always said that she "gets" the feelings of people, not by their words, but by intuition. But she never associated it with "psychic" matters. She was always too busy, first with eight younger brothers and sisters, and then with the practical affairs of an unpractical author husband.

Early in childhood, things like this would happen: Craig dreamed there was a needle in her bed, and woke up and looked for it in vain in the morning she told her mother who slept in another room. The mother said: "How strange! I dreamed the same thing, and I woke up and really found one!"

Of her young ladyhood Craig tells this story, one of many: Driving with a girl friend, miles from home, she suddenly remarked: "Let's go home; Mr. B is there." Now this was a place to which Mr. B had never come; it was three hundred miles from his town. But Craig said: "I have just had an impression of him, sitting on our front porch." Going home, they found him there.

Another instance, several years later. Shortly after our coming to California, my wife all at once became greatly worried about Jack London; she insisted that he was in terrible mental distress. We had a lot of conversation about it; I offered to take her to the London ranch, but she said she would not attempt to meddle in the affairs of a married man, unless at his wife's request. Two days later, we read that Jack London was dead; and very soon after we learned that he had taken his own life.

For many years, however, Craig and I gave little thought to psychic matters. I was busy trying to reform America; while Craig was of the most intensely materialistic convictions. Her early experiences of evangelical religion had repelled her so violently that everything suggestive of "spirituality" was repugnant to her. Never was a woman more "practical," more centered upon the here and now, the things which can be seen and touched.

But shortly after the age of forty, her custom of carrying the troubles of all who were near her resulted in a breakdown of health. Mental control became suddenly a matter of life and death. Craig acquired a fair-sized library of books on the mind, both orthodox scientific, and "crank." She sat up half the night studying, marking passages and making notes, seeking to reconcile various doctrines, to know what the mind really is, and how it works, and what can be done with it. Always it was a practical problem: things had to *work*.

She was not content to see psychic phenomena produced by other persons—she had to find out for herself.

After much study and some contact with a young man of "psychic" ability, from whom Craig learned something of the technique of intense concentration, she began a series of experiments with Robert Irwin, the husband of her younger sister.

Bob and Craig made the arrangement that at a certain hour each day, Bob, in his home in Pasadena, was to take pencil and paper and make a drawing of an object, and sit and concentrate his mind upon that drawing. At the same hour Craig, in our home in Long Beach, forty miles away, was to go into her state of "concentration," and give orders to her subconscious mind to find out what was in Bob's mind. The drawings were to be dated, and filed, and when the two of them met, they would compare the results, in the presence of myself and Bob's wife. If there should turn out to be a correspondence between the drawings, greater than could be attributed to chance, it would be evidence of telepathy, as good as any that could be imagined or desired.

The results were such as to make me glad that it was another person than myself, so as to afford a disinterested witness to these matters, so difficult of belief. Here is Bob's first drawing, done on a half sheet of green paper. The word "CHAIR" underneath, and the date, were written by Bob, while the words "drawn by Bob Irwin" were added for purposes of record by Craig (fig. 7).

And now for Craig's results. I give her report verbatim, with the two drawings which are part of her text:

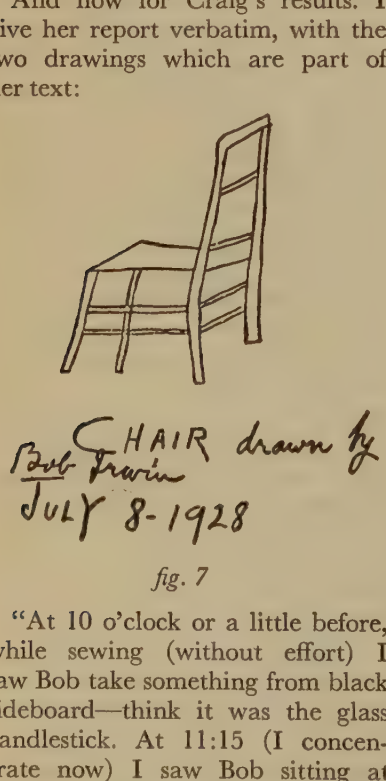



*fig. 7*

"At 10 o'clock or a little before, while sewing (without effort) I saw Bob take something from black sideboard—think it was the glass candlestick. At 11:15 (I concentrate now) I saw Bob sitting at dining room table—a dish or some small object in front of him (on N. E. corner table). I try to see the object on table—see white something at last. I can't decide what it is so I concentrate on seeing his drawing on a green paper as it is about 11:20 now and I think he has made his drawing. I try hard to see what he has drawn—try to see a paper with a drawing on it, and see a straight chair. Am not sure of second drawing. It does not seem to be on his paper. It may his bed-foot. I distinctly see a chair like 1st on his paper." (fig. 7a).

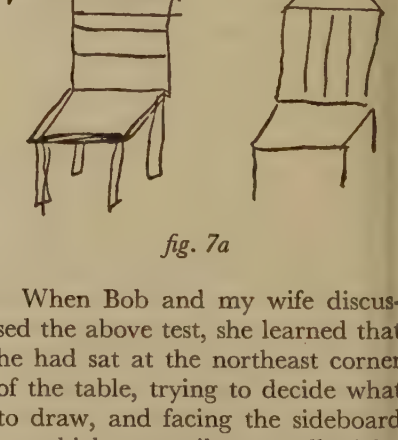



*fig. 7a*

When Bob and my wife discussed the above test, she learned that he had sat at the northeast corner of the table, trying to decide what to draw, and facing the sideboard on which were silver candlesticks. Later he went to his bedroom and lay down, gazing through the foot of his bed at the chair which he

had taken as his model for the drawing. The bed has white bars running vertically, as in my wife's second drawing. The chair, like Bob's drawing, has the strips of wood supporting the back running crossways, and this feature is reproduced in Craig's first drawing. Her report goes on to add that she sees a star and some straight lines, which she draws; they are horizontal parallel lines, as in the back of the chair. The back of the chair Bob had looked at had a carved star upon it.

One more test between Bob and Craig, the most sensational of all.

The test occurred July 11, 1928. My wife made her drawing, and then told me about the matter at once. Also she wrote out all the details and the record is now before me. She saw a feather, then a flower spray, and then she heard a scream. She concentrated again, and drew a series of concentric circles, with a heavy black spot in the center. Then she saw another and much larger spot, and this began to spread and cover the sheet of paper. At the same time came a feeling of intense depression, and Craig decided that the black spot was blood, and that Bob, who had had tuberculosis, had had a hemorrhage. Her drawing is figure 8a.

Two or three days later Bob's wife drove him to our home, and in the presence of all four of us he produced the drawing he had made. He had taken a compass and drawn a large circle; making, of course, a hole in the center of the paper. "Is that all you thought of during the time?" asked my wife. "No," said Bob, "but I'd hate to have you get the rest of it." "What was it?" "Well, I discovered that I had a hemorrhoid, and couldn't put my mind on anything else but the thought, 'My God, my lungs—my kidneys—and now this!' "

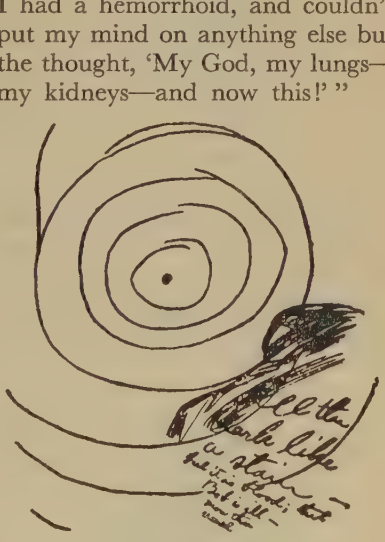


*fig. 8a*

A hemorrhoid is, of course, apt to be accompanied by a hemorrhage; and it seems clear that my wife got the mood of depression of her brother-in-law, his thoughts of blood and bodily breakdown, as well as the circle and the hole in the paper. The comment written by my wife reads: "All this dark like a stain—feel it is blood; that Bob is ill—more than usual."

THE border-line between successes and failures is not easy to determine. I will append a further example, about which there seems to me no room for dispute,

*fig. 9*

and which I have called a success. This is a sample of architecture (figs. 9, 9a).

And finally, this still more astonishing one, to serve as a climax. Let me explain that I am not so good an artist as this; I copied my drawing from some magazine (figs. 10, 10a).

You note that my wife "got," not merely the whole top of the

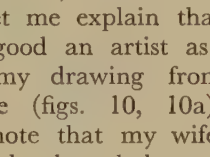


*fig. 9a*

drawing, but some impression of the arms, which are crossed in a peculiar way. She saw what she thought was a turban wound about the head, and got the impression of color. She wrote the word "not hair" to make this clear. The rest of the comment written at the time was: "See back of head ear, and swirling scarf tied around head."

THE next thing is to carry out our promise and tell you the technique. My wife has, among her notes, a mass of writing on this subject in the form of instructions to Bob, and others who were interested.

If you want to learn the art of conscious mind-reading, here is Craig's statement:

"It may help you to start as follows: Relax the body as completely as possible. The way to relax is to 'let go.' 'Let go' of every tense muscle, every tense spot, in the body. Drop your body, a dead weight, from your conscious mind. Then visualize a rose, or a violet—some pleasant, familiar thing which does not arouse emotional memory trains. Gaze steadily, peacefully, at the chosen object—think only of it—try not to let any memories it may arouse enter your mind. Keep attention steady, just seeing the color, or the shape of the flower and nothing else. Do not think things about the flower. Just look at it. Select one thing about it to concentrate on, such as its shape or its color, or the two combined in a visual image: 'pink and round

"If you find that you are made nervous by this effort, it is apt to be due to the fact that you are

*fig. 10*

thinking things. Maybe the object you have chosen has some buried memories associated with it—something which arouses unconscious memories of past unhappy events. Roses may suggest a lost sweetheart, or a vanished garden to which you long to return. If so, select some other flower to concentrate on. Flowers are usually the most restful. A bottle of ink might suggest the strain of mental work, a spoon might suggest medicine. So, find a peace-inspiring object to look at. When you have found it, just look at it, with undivided attention.

"If you succeed in doing this, you will find it hard not to drop asleep. But you must distinguish between this and the state you are to maintain. If you drop asleep, the sleep will be what is called auto-hypnotic sleep, and after you have learned to induce it, you will be able to concentrate on an idea, instead of the rose, and to carry this idea into the sleep with you as the idea to dominate the subconsciousness while you sleep.

"But this is another matter, and not the state for telepathy—in which you must avoid dropping into a sleep. After you have practiced the exercise of concentrating on a flower—and avoiding sleep—you will be able to concentrate on holding the peculiar blank state of mind which must be achieved if you are to make successful experiments in telepathy. There may be strain to start with, but it is

*fig. 10a*

getting rid of strain, both physical and mental, which constitutes relaxation, or blankness, of the con-

scious mind. Practice will teach you what this state is, and after a while you can achieve it without strain.

"The next step: ask some one to draw a half-dozen simple designs for you on cards, or on slips of paper, and to fold them so that you cannot see the contents. They should be folded separately, so that you can handle them one at a time. Place them within easy reach of your hand, so that you can pick them up, one at a time, while you are stretched out on the bed, or couch, beside them. It is best at first to experiment in the dark, or at least in a dimly lit room, as light stimulates the eyes and interferes with relaxation. You must have also a writing pad and pencil beside you.

"After you have placed the drawings on the table, turn off the light and stretch your body full length on the couch. Close your eyes and relax your body. Relax completely. Make the mind a complete blank and hold it blank. Do not think of anything.

"The next step, after having turned off the light and closed your eyes and relaxed mind and body full length on the couch, is to reach for the top drawing of the pile on the table. Hold it in your hand over your solar plexus. Hold it easily, without clutching it. Now, completely relaxed, hold your mind a blank again. Hold it so for a few moments, then give the mental order to the unconscious mind to tell you what is on the paper you hold in your hand. Keep the eyes closed and the body relaxed.

"Say to the unconscious mind, 'I want the picture which is on this card, or paper, presented to my consciousness.' Repeat, as if talking directly to another self: 'I want to see what is on *this* card.' Then relax into blankness again and hold blankness a few moments, then try gently without straining, to see whatever forms may appear on the void into which you look with closed eyes. Do not try to conjure up something to see; just wait expectantly and let something come.

"My experience is that fragments of forms appear first. For example, a curved line, or a straight one, or two lines of a triangle. But sometimes the complete object appears; swiftly, lightly, dimly-drawn. These mental visions appear and disappear with lightning rapidity, never standing still unless quickly fixed by a deliberate effort of consciousness. Sometimes they are so vague that one gets only a notion of how they look before they vanish. Then one must 'recall' this first vision. Recall it by conscious effort, which is not the same thing as the method of passive waiting by which the vision was first induced. Instead, it is as if one had seen with open eyes a fragment of a real

picture, and now closes his eyes and looks at the *memory* of it.

"It is necessary to recall this vision and make note of it, so as not to forget it. One is *sure* to forget it—indeed it is his duty to do so—in the process of the next step, which is one of blankness again. This blankness is, of course, a deliberate putting out of the conscious mind of all pictures, including the one just visioned. One must now order the subconscious not to present it to the conscious mind's picture-film again unless it is the right picture, *i.e.*, the one drawn on the card which is held in hand. Make the conscious mind blank again for a brief space. Then look again on the gray canvas of mind for a vision. This is to test whether the first vision came from subconscious guessing, or whether it came from the deeper mind—from some other source than that of the subconscious, which is so apt to offer a 'guess,' or false picture.

"Do this whole performance two or three times, and if the first vision persists in coming back, accept it. As soon as you have accepted it—that is, decided that this is the correct vision—turn on the light, and without looking at the card, or paper, which contains the real picture, pick up the writing pad and pencil and make a sketch of every detail of the vision-picture. This is a nuisance, as it interrupts concentration and the desired passivity. But if one does not make a record of his vision in advance of looking at the card picture, he is certain to forget at least some part of it—maybe something which is essential. Worse yet, he is apt to fool himself; the mind is given to self-deception. As soon as it sees the real drawing, it not only forgets the vision, but it is apt to imagine that it visioned the picture it now sees on the card, which may or may not be true. This conscious-subconscious mind is 'a liar,' a weaver of fiction.

"Do not omit fragments which seem to be out of place in a picture. These fragments may be the real things. If in doubt as to what the object of your vision is, do not try to guess. But if you have a 'hunch' that something you have seen is connected somehow with a watch, for example, or with an automobile, make a note of this 'hunch.' I use this popular word to indicate a real presentation from some true source, something deeper and more dependable than our own subconscious minds. I call this the 'deep mind' in order to have a name for it. I do not know what it is, of course—I am only judging from the behavior of the phenomena. Record everything, and then later you can compare it carefully with the real drawing.

"Among the difficulties to be overcome—and this is one which is

easily detected—is the appearing of visions of objects one has observed in the environment just before closing the eyes. When I close my eyes to make the next test, I invariably find that the last picture, and my own drawing of it, and also the electric light bulb which I have lighted in order to see the last picture—all these immediately appear on the horizon of my mind. It often takes quite a while to banish these memory-ghosts. And sometimes it is a mistake to banish them, as the picture you hold in your hand may be quite similar to the preceding one. If, therefore, a picture resembling the preceding continues obstinately to represent itself, I usually accept it, and often find that the preceding and present cards contain similar pictures.

"Another difficulty is the way things sometimes appear in fragments, or sections, of the whole picture. A straight line may appear, and it may be either only a portion of the whole, or it may be all there is on the card. Then I have to resist the efforts of my imagination to speculate as to what object this fragment may be part of. For instance, I see a series of points, and have the impulse to 'guess' a star. I must say no to this guess-work, unless the indescribable 'hunch' feeling assures me it is a star. I must tell myself it may be indeed a part of a star but on the other hand, it may be a complete picture of the drawin in hand, perhaps the letter W, o M, or it may be a part of a pen nant, or what not. Then I mus start over, and hold blank a while then repeat the request to th deep mind for the true picture Now I may get a more complet picture, or maybe this fragmen reappears alone, or maybe it re peats itself upside-down, or dou bled up in most any way.

"I start all over once more an now I may get a series of fragment which follow each other and jum together as do the comic cartoon which are drawn on the scree with pen and ink. Sometimes thi is the subconscious mind, or per haps the conscious, trying to fin ish the object as it has 'guessed it should be. This error of allowin the conscious or the subconsciou mind to finish the object is one t be most careful about. As one ex periments, he realizes more an more that these two minds, th conscious and the subconscious, ar really one, subconscious being onl a disorderly store-house of memor ies. The third, or 'deep mind' is ap parently the one which gives us ou psychic phenomena.

"I wanted to find out if th true vision could in any way be dis tinguished from 'imagination,' o these busy guesses of the sub consciousness. In constant exper mentation, I realized that it is in deed no simple matter to get thing

into consciousness from the 'deep mind' without guesses and additions and subtractions made by the subconsciousness. Why the subconscious should meddle, I do not know. But it does. The subconscious answers questions, and its answers are always false; its answers come quietly, like a thief in the night. But the 'other' mind, the 'deep mind' answers questions, too, and these answers come, not quietly, but as if by 'inspiration,' whatever that is—with a rustling of wings, with gladness and conviction. These two minds seem different from each other. One lies and rambles; the other sings, and is truthful.

"But do not misunderstand me. I am not a religious convert. I am searching for knowledge, and recording what I find. Others on this search may have found these same things, but the conclusions they have drawn may not turn out to be the ones I shall draw."

## ONE REALITY

MENTION telepathy in company, and almost everyone has a story to tell. You can find a clairvoyant to tell you about yourself for a dollar—and maybe she is a fraud, but again, maybe she is a person with a gift which she does not understand, and the police throw her into jail because they don't understand it either. I am sorry if I aid the mass of fraud which I know exists in this field, but there is no power of man which may not and will not be abused. The person who invented high explosives and made possible great tunnels and bridges, also made possible the destruction of the Louvain library. The person who makes a dynamo may electrocute himself. What telepathy means to my life is this: it seems to indicate a common substratum of mind, underlying our individual minds, and which we can learn to tap. Figure the conscious mind as a tree, and the subconscious mind as the roots of that tree: then what of the earth in which the tree grows, and from which it derives its sustenance? What currents run through that earth, affecting all the trees of the forest? If one tree falls, the earth is shaken—and may not the other trees feel the impulse?

In other words, we are apparently getting hints of a cosmic consciousness, or cosmic unconsciousness: some kind of mind-stuff which is common to us all, and which we can bring into our individual consciousness. Why is it not sensible to think that there may be a universal mind-stuff, just

as there is a universal body-stuff, of which we are made, and to which we return?

If I am correct in my guess that mind and body are two aspects of one reality, then we shall find some physical form of energy being manifested, just as we do when we communicate by sound waves. The human brain is a storage battery, capable of sending impulses over the nerves. Why may it not be capable of sending impulses by means of some other medium, known or unknown? Why may there not be such a thing as brain radio?

Certainly we know this, that every particle of energy in the universe affects to some slight extent every other particle. The problem of detecting such energy is merely one of getting a sufficiently sensitive device. Who can say that our thoughts are not causing vibrations? Any truly scientific person will admit that this is a possibility, and that it is purely a question of experimenting, to find out if it does happen, and how.

That mental activities do leave some kind of record on matter seems certain; at any rate, it is the basic concept of the materialistic psychologist. For what is memory, to the materialist, but some kind of record upon brain cells? He compares these cells to photoelectric cells, and imagines a lot of stored up records which we can consult. If now it should be found that such memory records are impressed, not merely upon living brain cells, but upon the molecules or electrons which compose any form of matter, what would be so incredible about that?

I have gone this far, in the effort to meet my materialist friends half way. For my part, I have no metaphysics; I am content to say that I do not know what matter is, nor what mind is, nor how they interact.

What did Benjamin Franklin have to go on when he brought the lightning down from the cloud on the string of a kite? Just a few hints, picked up in the course of the previous hundred years; a few traces of electricity noted by accident. The fact that you got a spark if you stroked a cat's fur, the fact that you got the same kind of a spark by rubbing amber, and a bigger one by storing the energy in a glass jar lined with tinfoil—that was all men had as promise of the miracles of our time, dynamos and superpower, telegraph and telephone, X-ray surgery, radio, wireless, television, and new miracles just outside our door. Is now it be a fact that there is a reality behind the notions of telepathy and clairvoyance, to which so many investigators are bearing testimony all over the world, who can set limits to what it may mean to the future? What new powers of the human mind, what abilities

to explore the past and future, the farthest deeps of space, and those deeps of our own minds, no less vast and marvelous?

To set limits to such possibilities is not to be scientific, it is merely to be foolish. The true scientist sets no limits to human powers, he merely asks that we verify our facts. This my wife and I have tried to do, and I think that, so far as concerns telepathy at least, we can claim success. We present here a mass of real evidence, and we shall not be troubled by any amount of ridicule from the ignorant. I tell you—and because it is so important, I put it in capital letters:

TELEPATHY HAPPENS!

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# TOMORROW—Index to Volume 5

## Autumn 1956 to Autumn 1957


| Author | Title | Vol. | No. | Page |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| AMADOU, ROBERT: | Charles Richet—His Life and Work | 5 | 5 | 67 |
| BALFOUR, GERALD W.: | The Ear of Dionysius | 5 | 1 | 135 |
| BARWELL, JOHN S.: | Shamanism Among the Maori | 5 | 5 | 85 |
| BIRGE, WILLIAM R.: | How Can We Study Mediumship? | 5 | 1 | 121 |
| BOHANNAN, PAUL: | The Substance of Witchcraft | 5 | 4 | 29 |
| BRUCE, H. ADDINGTON: | Telepathy in Our Lives | 5 | 4 | 19 |
| | The Secret of Genius | 5 | 5 | 43 |
| | Why I Believe in Survival | 5 | 1 | 58 |
| COGNI, GIULIO: | The Unity of Nature | 5 | 1 | 101 |
| COHON, SAMUEL S.: | A Jewish View on Survival | 5 | 1 | 76 |
| COLLINS, JAMES: | A Catholic View on Survival | 5 | 1 | 71 |
| DALE, LAURA A.: | "I Have Just Died" | 5 | 1 | 153 |
| DINGWALL, ERIC J.: | Beyond the Five Senses (Book Review) | 5 | 5 | 102 |
| | Did the Devil Walk Again? | 5 | 3 | 99 |
| DUCASSE, C. J.: | Challenge to Science (Book Review) | 5 | 3 | 68 |
| | Ciba Foundation Symposium on is S. P. (Book Review) | 5 | 2 | 89 |
| | Vehicle of the Soul (Book Review) | 5 | 5 | 103 |
| | What Could Survive? | 5 | 1 | 39 |
| EBON, MARTIN: | American Fascinations | 5 | 1 | 45 |
| EVANS-PRITCHARD, E. E.: | A Seance Among the Azande | 5 | 4 | 11 |
| EVANS-WENTZ, W. Y.: | Tibet's Guidebook to Life Beyond Death | 5 | 1 | 90 |
| FISK, G. W.: | How Primitive Is E. S. P.? | 5 | 3 | 92 |
| FITZHUGH, PRINGLE: | Lincoln's Double Vision | 5 | 3 | 87 |
| FODOR, NANDOR: | The Haunting at Thornton Heath | 5 | 2 | 93 |
| | Medicine Man Psychoanalyzed | 5 | 4 | 77 |
| | Three Women in One Body (Book Review) | 5 | 5 | 98 |
| FRANKLYN, JULIAN: | Intuition? | 5 | 5 | 53 |
| GARRETT, EILEEN J.: | The Answer Is Not Yet | 5 | 1 | 7 |
| | The Mystical Experience (Book Review) | 5 | 5 | 97 |
| GIBSON, EDMOND: | Death Raps in the Woodd Family | 5 | 5 | 29 |
| GLUCKMAN, MAX: | Accused of Witchcraft | 5 | 4 | 100 |
| GRAY, ROBERT F.: | Exorcising Demons on the Swahili Coast | 5 | 4 | 43 |
| GREGORY, C. C. L.: | Beyond Mystical Concepts | 5 | 1 | 118 |
| HAMBRO, GEORGE: | Will Eternity Leave Us Alone? | 5 | 2 | 76 |
| HANKEY, MURIEL: | J. Hewat McKenzie—Pioneer Researcher | 5 | 2 | 53 |
| HUXLEY, ALDOUS: | Other Modes of Being | 5 | 1 | 17 |
| IS THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH? | London Sunday Times Symposium | 5 | 5 | 55 |
| ITALY-GERMANY-MEXICO: | Three Book Reviews | 5 | 3 | 71 |
| I WAS CRIPPLE NO. 147: | Report from Finland | 5 | 3 | 76 |
| LANSING, GERRITT: | A Hindu-Buddhist View on Survival | 5 | 1 | 83 |
| LEE, DAL: | Do Astrologers Use E. S. P.? | 5 | 2 | 37 |
| LELAND, RICHARD: | Apparition in Silk | 5 | 3 | 37 |
| LESLAU, WOLF: | Ethiopia's Language of the Possessed | 5 | 4 | 84 |

| Author | Title | Vol. | No. | Page |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ITTLE, KENNETH: | Religion and Magic Among the Mende | 5 | 4 | 69 |
| ODGE, SIR OLIVER: | The Raymond Photograph | 5 | 1 | 140 |
| OEB, EDWIN M.: | Varieties of Witches | 5 | 4 | 35 |
| McCONNELL, R. A.: | Present Knowledge Is Limited | 5 | 1 | 111 |
| MEERLOO, JOOST A. M.: | Psychic Detectives (Book Review) | 5 | 3 | 66 |
| MERRIAM, ALAN P.: | Music—Bridge to the Supernatural | 5 | 4 | 61 |
| MILLER, R. DeWITT: | Books in Review | 5 | 3 | 57 |
| | The Case of Paderewski's Parrot | 5 | 3 | 15 |
| MONDLANE, EDUARDO C.: | Guardian Spirits of the Bantu | 5 | 4 | 89 |
| MURPHY, GARDNER: | "The Mysterious Frontiers of Your Mind" in THIS WEEK Magazine | 5 | 3 | 84 |
| MURRAY, GILBERT: | "What We Call Genius" | 5 | 5 | 52 |
| NICOL, BETTY & FRASER: | Buried Alive—Saved by Telepathy | 5 | 3 | 9 |
| NIJINSKY, ROMOLA: | I Saw the Future in My Dreams | 5 | 5 | 23 |
| NJAKA, ELECHUKWU N.: | Nigeria's Igbo: Patterns of Worship | 5 | 4 | 95 |
| OSIS, KARLIS: | The Hidden Power (Book Review) | 5 | 2 | 84 |
| PARRINDER, GEOFFREY: | Charms and Magic | 5 | 4 | 49 |
| PAUL, VAL E. (pseud.): | Double Indemnity | 5 | 5 | 39 |
| PRATT, J. G.: | Evidence on Survival—Past and Present | 5 | 1 | 51 |
| PRICE, H. H.: | Haunting and the "Psychic Ether" | 5 | 3 | 105 |
| | What Kind of "Next World"? | 5 | 1 | 19 |
| PUHARICH, HENRY K.: | Can Telepathy Penetrate the Iron Curtain? | 5 | 2 | 7 |
| RELUCTANT PILGRIM, THE: | Report from France | 5 | 3 | 84 |
| RHINE, J. B.: | The Laboratory's Task | 5 | 1 | 26 |
| RIVERS, BENITA: | "I Dreamt My Husband's Death" | 5 | 2 | 51 |
| ROSE, LYNDON: | Modern Maori Magic | 5 | 5 | 91 |
| ROSE, RONALD: | Crisis Telepathy in Australia | 5 | 2 | 45 |
| SCHWARTZ, EMANUEL K.: | Psychodynamics of "Immortality" Study | 5 | 1 | 34 |
| SEGY, LADISLAS: | The Carved Spirits | 5 | 4 | 104 |
| SIDGWICK, MRS. HENRY: | Diagram of Languages | 5 | 1 | 155 |
| SINCLAIR, UPTON: | Mental Radio (Book Condensation) | 5 | 5 | 105 |
| SINGER, KURT (told by Michael Gier): | Brain Waves Don't Lie | 5 | 5 | 9 |
| SMITH, ELENORE B. (pseud.): | Return to Laughter (Book Condensation) | 5 | 4 | 109 |
| STROMBERG, GUSTAV: | An Astronomer Looks at Psychic Phenomena | 5 | 2 | 27 |
| THERMAN, HAROLD: | Once Again, Thoughts Through Space | 5 | 3 | 29 |
| THOMAS, C. DRAYTON: | Bobbie Newlove | 5 | 1 | 148 |
| ULLMAN, MONTAGUE: | Limits of Hypnosis | 5 | 3 | 63 |
| VANDY CASE, THE: | Report from England | 5 | 3 | 73 |
| VAN TIL, CORNELIUS: | A Protestant View on Survival | 5 | 1 | 67 |
| VON HARTUNGEN, CHRISTOPH: | Prophecies of "Madame Sylvia" | 5 | 3 | 51 |
| WEINBERGER, JULIUS: | Are We Organized Energy? | 5 | 1 | 114 |
| WERELDE, THORSTEN: | Medium or Murderess? | 5 | 2 | 17 |
| WESTWOOD, HORACE: | How Christianity Began | 5 | 3 | 43 |
| WRIGHT, HARRY B.: | To Catch a Thief | 5 | 4 | 27 |

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1957. Joseph Horowitz, Notary Public, State of Ne York. No. 41-6966800. Qualified in Queens County. Certificate filed with N. Y. County Clerk. Commission expires Marc 30, 1958.

## *Letters to the Editor*

*To the Editor:* The Spring number of TOMORROW carried a most interesting article under the title "Once Again, Thoughts through Space" by Harold Sherman. It tells the story of a Mr. Yellen, whose father was lost in the Canadian northwoods. Mr. Yellen manages to contact Mr. Sherman who somewhat reluctantly gives him a message over the telephone which described the father's effort to find his way out of the wilderness, a lumber camp that he never reached, and concluded: "I see your father try again and again—and finally, I see him drop dead beside this tree trunk .. .. .."

Sometime later Mr. Yellen met Mr. Sherman and told him that his father's body had been found, and that everything appeared to fit exactly the description given to him by Mr. Sherman.

Mr. Sherman then proceeds to speculate at some length on how his information reached him in the first place. He makes it clear that he is not a clairvoyant; his argument runs as follows:—

> "It may be possible that my mind first attuned itself to Mr. Yellen's mind. Could he have telepathically received, through his subconscious, the record of what had happened to his father, direct from his parent, even though he did not possess the ability to pull this knowledge through into his conscious mind? Could I, then, simply have taken this information from his subconscious?
>
> Or could my mind, in some electro-magnetic manner still not understood, have used his mind as a trunk line, and made contact with the thoughts his father had left behind?"

He concludes with the idea of all unconscious minds being connected in some way, but why he brings electro-magnetism into this I cannot understand.

It should have been clear to him that part of his message, in which he described an old lumber camp and two men, subsequently confirmed by Mr. Yellen, could not have possibly originated in the mind of Mr. Yellen's father, who never managed to reach that spot. It seems reasonably certain that Mr. Sherman obtained this information through his clairvoyant faculty. This throws some doubt on the remainder of his reasoning, and strongly suggests that the whole message was obtained by him through the channel of clairvoyance.

It was possibly a case of retrocognition. But what was the mechanism involved? Did anything actually travel through the intervening space? And, if it did, what was it?

*Lucian Landau*
*(London, England)*

THE PARAPSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, INC., invites subscriptions to its bi-monthly *Newsletter* which presents news and background information on parapsychological activities throughout the world. The *Newsletter* also contains important, scholarly papers by noted authorities in this field.

In recent issues, the *Newsletter* has published "A Theory of Resonance" by Dr. Henry Margenau (Yale University), "Report from New Zealand" by Ronald and Lyndon Rose, an International Directory of Parapsychological Associations and Publications, compiled by George Zorab, as well as book reviews and news items not available elsewhere.

In future issues, a paper, "Human Personality and the Possibility of Its Survival" by Dr. C. D. Broad (Cambridge University) and a report of an Experiment in Psychokinesis by Mr. G. W. Fisk of England will appear. Reports on the activities of the Parapsychology Foundation and associations throughout the world are presented in every issue.

The *Newsletter*, published every other month, may be obtained at $5 per year. Requests for subscriptions should be addressed to the Parapsychology Foundation Inc., 29 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BUT hardly anyone wishes merely to return to old techniques of inquiry. An effort needs to be made to utilize quantitative techniques, wherever possible, in dealing with phenomena that have in the past been considered purely qualitative in nature—such as clairvoyance, trance communications and related subjects. This very need to combine two established methods calls, of itself, for international cooperation in its its truest form; not just a cordial hands-across-the-sea effort, but the integration of techniques which, to some extent, reflect differing cultural climates and scientific traditions.

Representatives of other disciplines, notably in psychology and physics, are increasingly attracted to problems presented by parapsychology. One of the most challenging papers delivered at the International Research Coordination Meeting was presented by Dr. J. M. J. Kooy (Netherlands) on "Modern Space-Time Conceptions With Regard to Psi Phenomena." Inter-disciplinary contacts must be encouraged, just as international cooperation is essential.

* * *

THE European regional center of the Parapsychology Foundation, which has been established here, will seek to develop expansion on both these levels, the international as well as the inter-disciplinary. Under the guidance of Mr. George Zorab, for many years Honorary Secretary of the Netherlands Society for Psychic Research, these activities will include publication of a new quarterly *International Journal of Parapsychology.* truest form; not just a cordial hands-across-the-sea effort, but the in-Participating in this publishing project are two scholars well known to TOMORROW readers, Dr. Eric J. Dingwall (England) and Prof. Emilio Servadio (Italy), as well as Mr. Martin Ebon, Administrative Secretary of the Parapsychology Foundation and Managing Editor of TOMORROW. Thus a truly international basis and wide editorial scope will be assured from the start.

Parapsychologists must never permit themselves to become an esoteric body, unable to examine outside criticism or to approach scholars outside their own immediate field of inquiry. The established sciences have much to offer parapsychology in terms of method and experience; and parapsychology, in turn, can offer other disciplines the challenge of much that is fresh, difficult, and therefore truly challenging.

*EILEEN J. GARRETT*

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